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LESSONS
IN
EXPRESSION
AND
PHYSICAL DRILL

BY
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WHEATON COLLEGE, ILLINOIS.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE MARMON.

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CONTENTS.

Charts of Interpretation—Elements of Voice.
—Elements of Action.

Part First—Studies in Voice; Physical Exercises.

- | | | |
|--------|--------|---|
| LESSON | I. | Expression, in general; Drill Position. |
| " | II. | Elements of Voice; Speaker's Position. |
| " | III. | Quality; Flexion of the Arm. |
| " | IV. | Quality; Coiling the Arm. |
| " | V. | Exercises in Quality; Foot Movement. |
| " | VI. | Force; Scroll Movement of the Hand. |
| " | VII. | Pitch; Abdominal Breathing. |
| " | VIII. | Movement; Costal Breathing. |
| " | IX. | Inflection; Chest Breathing. |
| " | X. | Form; Flexion of the Waist. |
| " | XI. | Stress; Flexion of the Neck. |
| " | XII. | Stress; Torsion of the Body. |
| " | XIII. | Articulation of the Vowels; Torsion of the
Arms. |
| " | XIV. | Articulation of the Consonants; Torsion of
the Neck. |
| " | XV. | Articulation; Percussion of the Chest. |
| " | XVI. | Obscure Sounds; Percussion of the Neck. |
| " | XVII. | Pauses; Tip-toe Exercise. |
| " | XVIII. | Pauses; Dead-still Exercise. |
| " | XIX. | Climax; Tracing Exercise of the Hand. |
| " | XX. | Emphasis; Circular Arm Movement. |
| " | XXI. | Poetic Reading; Extension Exercise. |
| " | XXII. | Sound and Sense; Foot Movement. |
| " | XXIII. | Sentiments; Finger Exercise. |

CHART OF INTERPRETATION,

SHOWING THE PRIMARY MEANING OF THE ELEMENTS OF VOICE.

- I. **Quality.**—1. Pure Tone.....Normal
2. Orotund.....Noble Sentiment.
3. Aspirate.....Secrecy.
4. Oral.....Weakness.
5. Pectoral.....Scorn.
6. Guttural.....Hate.
7. Nasal.....Carelessness.
- II. **Force.**—1. Subdued.....Quietness.
2. Moderate.....Normal.
3. Energetic.....Animation.
4. Impassioned.....Passion.
- III. **Pitch.**—1. High.....Ungoverned.
2. Medium.....Normal.
3. Low.....Power.
- IV. **Movement.**—1. Rapid.....Lightness.
2. Moderate.....Normal.
3. Slow.....Heaviness.
- V. **Inflection.**—1. Rising.....Advance.
2. Falling.....Cessation.
3. Circumflex—*a.* Rising...Appreciation.
b. Falling..Depreciation.
4. Monotone.....Sublimity.
- VI. **Form.**—1. Effusive.....Steadiness.
2. Expulsive.....Normal.
3. Explosive.....Excitement.
- VII. **Stress.**—1. Radical.....Normal.
2. Median.....Gentleness.
3. Final.....Determination.
4. Compound.....Double meaning.
5. Thorough.....Sublimity.
6. Tremor.....Sorrow.

CHART OF INTERPRETATION,

SHOWING THE PRIMARY MEANING OF THE ELEMENTS OF ACTION.

-
- I. **Hand.**—1. POSITION—*a.* Supine.....Friendliness.
b. AverseAversion.
c. Index.....Definiteness.
d. Prone.....Super-position.
e. Clenched.....Force.
f. Reflex....Contained in the hand.
2. DIRECTION—*a.* In Longitude: (1) Front....Directness.
(2) Oblique...In general.
(3) LateralBreadth.
(4) Oblique Backward...The past.
(5) Backward.....
- b.* In Latitude: (1) Up.
(2) Upper.....Superior.
(3) Horizontal..Ordinary.
(4) Lower.....Inferior.
(5) Down.
- II. **Arm.**—1. Full ArmOratorical.
2. Fore Arm.....Conversational.
- III. **Feet.**—1. First Position.....Normal.
2. Second " "
3. Third "Animated.
4. Fourth " "
5. Fifth "Dramatic.
6. Sixth " "
- IV. **Body.**—1. ComposedNormal.
2. Forward.....Progress.
3. Backward.....Revulsion.
4. Wavering.....Embarrassment.
- V. **Head.**—1. Erect.....Self-Possession.
2. INCLINED—*a.* Forward.....Care.
b. BackwardFreedom.
c. SidewiseQuestioning.
3. PROJECTED—*a.* Forward.. .Submissiveness.
b. Backward.....Will.
4. Firm.....Positiveness.
5. Lax.....Rest.
- VI. **Countenance.**—1. EYE—*a.* Active.....Objective.
b. Passive.....Subjective.
2. BROW—*a.* Tranquil.....Normal.
b. KnitPerplexity.
c. Raised.....Admiration.
d. Lowered.....Dislike.
e. FurrowedSorrow.
3. LIPS—*a.* FirmPrecision.
b. DroopingVacancy.
c. Curled.....Scorn.

PREFACE.

To make a book on a subject which has been publicly discussed ever since the classic days of Greece, without largely using the thoughts of others, would probably be unwise if not impossible. But changed conditions and new methods of instruction constantly call for the putting of old thoughts into new form. This little book is an effort to answer one of those calls.

I have here embodied a series of lessons which I have used for some years past in classes of beginners. I have found a number of the most excellent books to be designed for use in schools of oratory, and therefore not suited for the ordinary school or academy; others were manuals rather than text-books for class use. In order to put into the hands of the class a book setting forth, as nearly as possible, the work that they would be expected to do, this volume was prepared. Instead of making a mere orderly treatise I have combined in each lesson theory and practice; also both vocal and physical work. The practical advantages in this plan are apparent in preserving the enthusiasm of the class by a change from one exercise to the other, in avoiding weariness of weak bodies or voices, and in keeping their skill nearly at a par with their knowledge, for if a pupil sees too many faults in his performance he is likely to give it up in disgust. Neither voice nor action should be cultivated without the other, for, in the first place, each aids the other, and, secondly, if a pupil attains

proficiency in one without the other he is likely to disparage the part he has omitted and thus fail ever to attain to his best. Yet, while following this plan, I have not been unmindful that classification and relation of parts are of the utmost importance in a text-book. I have therefore made the lessons to proceed continuously and progressively in a two-fold chain throughout Parts First and Second, and combined the several elements of expression in the practice of Part Third.

Realizing the difficulty of conveying on paper a definite idea of sounds, yet knowing that special teachers are not available in a large majority of the schools called upon to teach the art of Expression, I have undertaken, by definite statement, by illustration, by example and by suggestion, to make the subject clear to the ordinary reader. It is hoped, therefore, that it will enable any teacher of fertile mind to conduct a class successfully in this most used and most abused of all arts.

The varying nomenclature which is used by different authors on this subject adds another element of difficulty. I have followed that which seemed most likely to commend itself for general use.

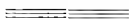
Considerations of health, culture, and every-day necessity, all emphasize the desirability of giving to every American youth some course of training that shall develop his natural powers of expression. This book is not designed to make elocutionists nor to intrench on the work of the specialist. It aims to apply fundamental principles to a universal need. To communicate one's thought truly, requires his voice and body to be under control of his own will. This is a

physical culture which implies soul culture. Helping young people to discover ill temper in the voice, carelessness in the walk, selfishness in the bearing, and laziness in the words, and giving them facility to avoid these, avails more than business proverbs and social precepts. This, then, is an effort to help teachers in giving to pupils the power of self command.

I desire to express indebtedness to J. B. Lippincott Co., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. and others for kind permission to quote from their publications, and to make grateful acknowledgment to all whose writings have suggested ideas herein contained. I do not claim to have originated any part of the science of expression, but trust I may have developed it a little in the direction of what seems to be the present need, and hope that this book may aid in the more general and more satisfactory teaching of that science.

D. A. STRAW.

Wheaton, Ill., Aug. 15, 1892.



HINTS TO TEACHERS.

It will be found desirable:

- Often to join with the pupils in the exercises;
- To secure promptness without haste;
- To not call too much attention to errors at first;
- To use concert work to reduce peculiarities;
- To require individual work to secure accuracy;
- To evolve other questions in the line of those suggested;
- To encourage pupils to apply the principles evolved to cases that occur to them;
- To urge free criticism under the teacher's direction;
- To constantly review; *review*, REVIEW.

PART FIRST.

Studies in Voice; Physical Exercises.

LESSON I.

ELOCUTION. POSITION.

1. At the beginning of our study let us learn definitely what it is.

Elocution is the Expression of Thought by Voice and Action. In fact, it is a study of how best to do our talking. Some thoughts can be adequately expressed by words alone, as: "This is the first day of the school year." But other thoughts are more fully expressed by the aid of some action, as a pleasant look when one says, "I am glad to see you." Say it with a stern face and see if it expresses the same meaning. Again there are thoughts which are best expressed without any words, as a teacher's quick look and uplifted hand when he wishes sudden silence. A little observation will show us that the hand, the head, the eye, the brow, the body and the feet all talk or help to express our thought, together with that wonderful organ, the voice—an organ with a thousand stops, or changes of expression.

2. Now rise and take the *Drill Position*, heels to-



Drill Position.

Fig. 1.

gether, toes turned out from 45 to 90 degrees apart, knees straight, body erect, head well back, chin slightly curbed, chest expanded, arms down at the side with the edge of the hand forward. A good test of erect position is to stand with the back against a door or other vertical plane so that you touch it in four places—with the heels, the hips, the shoulders, and the head. If you find it difficult to do this there is the more reason for persevering in an erect position.

3. Practice on the vocal, *ō*. Pronounce it as you would speak. Now prolong it. Again, making it as smooth as possible. Practice this till it is smooth, mellow, and round as a flute tone. The same in concert till all the voices harmonize as one full tone. Avoid any attempt at loudness, but listen to the tone to see if it is correct.

Suggestive questions:—According to the definition, where is Elocution useful? In public speaking? In conversation? In business? In society? In the home? Have you noticed those whose voice or action in speaking pleased you? And others whose voice or action was disagreeable to you? Can you tell why? Can you get one's thought as well when you dislike his manner of expressing it?

LESSON II.

ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF VOICE. POSITION.

4. With the *Drill Position* (p. 10) repeat the practice in Art. 2.

5. We have seen that thought is expressed by voice and action. Now, pursuing our study we shall see that there are several attributes of voice which may be changed. For instance, one will answer a question very differently as it pleases him or arouses other feelings. See if you answer these questions with the same kind of voice. "Would you like to have a school picnic the next pleasant day?" "Would you like to have a dog bite you on your way home?" If you can see a difference in the tone, tell what the difference is. Possibly you could tell it better if you had some names for tones.

6. *Voice varies in Quality, Force, Pitch, Movement, Inflection, Form, and Stress.*

7. **Quality is the Kind of Tone.** The quality of our ordinary tone should be clear, smooth, and mellow like that of a flute—*Pure Tone*. For examples see Arts. 9, 28, 281.

8. Take the *Speaker's Position*—body and head erect, chest expanded, one foot advanced so that the



Speaker's Position.

Fig. 2.

heel is toward the hollow of the other and one or two inches from it, toes turned out as in the Drill Position. If you stand long, change by a single step forward or back so that the feet occupy one of these positions, that is, with the right foot advanced, which we will call 1st Position (Fig. 2), or with the left foot advanced, which we will call 2nd Position.

9. With the Speaker's Position, using Pure Tone, recite the following as if they were your own words:

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

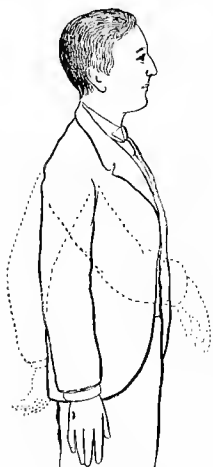
—H. W. Longfellow.

Suggestive questions:—Which of these two positions do you habitually use most, Drill Position or Speaker's Position? Which would soonest weary you if you were to remain standing? Have you seen people stand in any other position while talking? In Article 9, to whom is the speaker represented as speaking—to a friend, to a public audience, or to himself? Did you speak it in that way? Is the speaker excited or calm? Interested or indifferent?

NOTE.—If sufficient time can be given to this study, all the examples for practice should be memorized. If this is not possible, some selection in each lesson should be committed to memory, thus enabling the pupil to deliver it more entirely as his original thought. He should accustom himself to talk without anything in his hands. He can also give more perfect expression to the eyes and hands if he is not hampered with a book. Give much practice to every exercise. If a pupil acquires skill in criticizing, much faster than he gains power to execute, he sees his own faults too prominently and is liable to become discouraged.

LESSON III.

FLEXION MOVEMENT OF THE ARM. QUALITY.



Flexion Exercise.
Fig. 3.

10. Take the Drill Position—now without moving the shoulders, chest or head, swing the arms slowly from the shoulder, letting the elbow, wrist, and finger joints be entirely limp. Let them flap clear around the body as if there was not a bone in them except the upper arm. Swing first the right arm eight times, then the left arm eight times, then both together eight times. Repeat. Persevere in this *Flexion Movement* of the arm until you can swing it without the wrist or hand seeming stiff.*

11. Quality is either—

Pure Tone, used in ordinary speaking (see Art. 7);

Orotund, large, full and round;

Aspirate, whispering, simply breath without tone;

Oral, falsetto, used in extreme weakness, etc.;

Pectoral, hard, shrill tone, expressing scorn, etc.;

*NOTE.—All the drill exercises and examples for practice should be drilled over and over throughout the term as often as opportunity permits.

Guttural, throat tone, expressing hatred, or

Nasal, nose tone, talking through the nose.

12. With the Speaker's Position practice \bar{o} in Pure Tone (Art. 3.)

13. Now practice \bar{o} in *Orotund Quality*. Let the larynx and mouth cavity be enlarged, the tongue down out of the way, the tone thrown forward full and round as if talking to a thousand people. Do not cramp the voice or make an apparent effort, but "just open the mouth and let it come out," free, smooth, and easy. Pure Tone and Orotund should be practiced much and every day as they are the best qualities. (For examples see Arts. 29, 72, 171.)

14. Now practice \bar{o} in a whisper, *Aspirate Quality*. You will notice that you can give it loud enough to be heard by any ordinary audience. (See Arts. 30; 209, *b*, and first words of 261.)

15. Now if you can imitate the tone of a little child you will have *Oral Quality*. It is clear but thin and small, just the counterpart of Orotund. It is usually pitched higher than Pure Tone, and may vary in loudness from the scarcely audible to a scream. (See Art. 31.)

16. Repeat Article 9.

Suggestive questions:—How would it do to speak the quotation in Art. 9 in Orotund Quality? In Oral Quality? Why does not one quality render it as well as another, since the words remain the same? Which

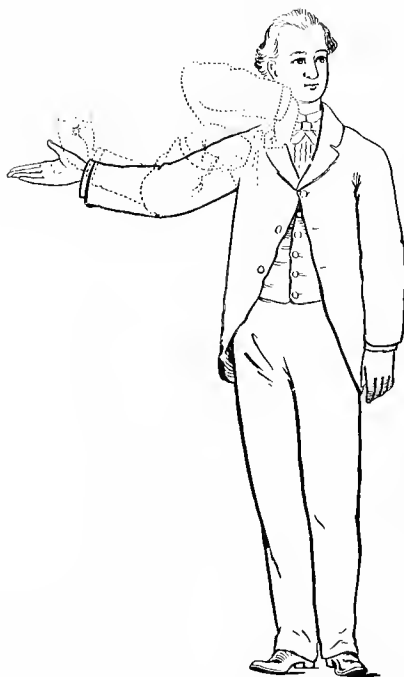
quality best expresses noble thought? Grandeur? Secrecy? Sudden fright? Which would be used by a sick person who was so weak he could hardly speak? What sentiment would be expressed if you combine Aspirate with Pure Tone?

LESSON IV.

ARM EXERCISE. QUALITY—Continued.

17. Repeat Article 10.

18. With the Drill Position, extend the right arm



Coiling the Arm.
Fig. 4.

horizontally at the side; arm, hand, and fingers straight. Now, slowly and steadily, *coil the arm*, commencing by closing the fingers; then fold in the wrist in the same direction, then the elbow, and last the shoulder, till it is all coiled in upon the chest as tightly as possible. But be sure that you do not bend any joint until in the order named. Now, gradually uncoil, commencing

with the shoulder, and straighten each joint in succession to the fingers. Now drop the arm from the horizontal down at the side. Pursue the same order with the left arm, then with both together. In these arm movements, as in all, keep the chest and head still.

19. With the Speaker's Position, repeat Articles 12, 13, 14 and 15.

20. To get *Pectoral Quality* use the vocal *ä*. Practice it until your tone expresses perfect scorn—a hard, penetrating, resonant tone. It is called Pectoral or chest tone, because when it is fully used you can feel the chest vibrate. (See Arts. 32, 75; first part of 204, *a*; 240.)

21. We must now give the *Guttural Quality*, for it is needed sometimes; but our chief reason for studying it is that we may know it and avoid it. You will get it most easily with the vocal *û*. It is expressive of hatred, and is well exemplified in the growl of a dog. It is the throat tone. (See Arts. 33; last part of 204, *a*.)

22. The *Nasal Quality* does not express anything, unless it is carelessness, and yet a great many people use it habitually. We must practice till we learn it and then avoid it in our talking. The vocal *ē* is easy to give in Nasal—through the nose. Observe how disagreeable some voices are because of this quality, like a cracked bell or a violin with a comb on the strings.

23. Try each quality on the stanza in Art. 9 and see which suits it best.

Suggestive questions:—What quality do you use when asked to do some task which you dislike? If you wish to make people happy with whom you talk, what quality will you use? If you wish to make them angry? If you wish to silence a troublesome fellow? Do you think a dog understands best the words, or the tone? What quality would you use to coax him? To command him? To drive him off? What quality has the tone of a bass drum? The railroad engine's whistle? A boy's whistle? A canary bird's voice? A crow's voice? A donkey's voice? Different bells with which you are familiar?

LESSON V.

FOOT MOVEMENT. EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE
IN QUALITY.

24. Repeat Article 18.

25. Take *First Position* (Art. 8) and by slow, easy movement take one step forward to *Second Position* (Art. 8). Let it be graceful, without any jerk or jar at starting or stopping. Now one step forward to First Position. One step backward to Second Position. One step backward to First Position. This exercise should be frequently practised until the transitions can be made with the “suppleness and grace with which a cat walks.”

26. Practice *ò* in each Quality, individually and in concert.

27. Repeat the following quotations as the thought demands, noting the fitness of the Quality indicated to express the sentiment of each example.

28. Pure Tone:—

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

—*Longfellow.*

29. Orotund:—

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

Man marks the earth with ruin. His control
Stops with the shore.

—*Byron.*

30. Aspirate:—

Hush ! hark ! did stealing steps go by ?
Came not faint whispers near ?

31. Oral:—

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn,
To keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.

32. Pectoral:—

I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave ;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
Till I sink beneath its wave.

—*Geo. W. Putton.*

33. Guttural:—

I hate him for he is a christian :
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

—*Shakespeare.*

34. Nasal:—

Then, as to your spellin'; I've hearn tell
By them as has looked into this,
That you turn the u out o' your labour,
An' make the word shorter than 'tis.

—*Curleton.*

Strive to make the thought in the above examples your own, and speak them as if the original occasion were present. Give the voice freedom in expression, even to enthusiasm.

35. Select or invent other examples to illustrate the

different Qualities. Notice the Quality used in conversation, in the play-ground and on the street. Cultivate the habit of using only pure tone unless the occasion requires some other. Notice the shades of feeling which each Quality will represent.

Suggestive questions: Which quotation contains the most emotion, Art. 28 or Art. 29 ? What emotion is it ? What seems to be the situation which occasioned Art. 30 ? How does the speaker feel ? Who is talking in Art. 31 ? In what condition is he ? In Art. 32 who is speaking ? To whom ? What sentiment in it ? How would it do to read Art. 33 in Pure Tone ? What do you judge as to the culture and education of the speaker in Art. 34 ? Would it fairly represent such a man to speak his words with a cultured tone of voice ?

LESSON VI.

ARM AND HAND EXERCISE. STUDIES IN FORCE.

36. Repeat Article 25.

37. Drill Position. Right hand raised nearly to the horizontal in front. Pass the hand to the right in a double curve and return it to the place of starting so

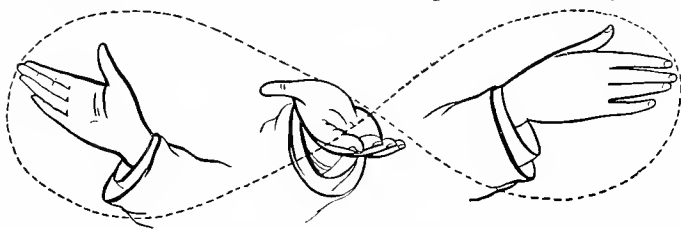


Fig 5.

as to describe a figure 8, as shown in Fig. 5. Let the movement be slow, steady, easy and graceful, and keep the front edge of the hand ahead—let the first finger lead. Follow this circuit several times, keeping the hand open and the wrist flexible. Now, left hand the same. Then both hands together.

38. Force is the intensity with which a tone is produced.

This is not the same as what we mean by loudness, although it is the principal element in it. The degrees of Force are very many, ranging all the way from the

least to the greatest ; but for our purpose four degrees will be sufficient to name :

39. *Subdued*:—Primarily indicating quietness.

Moderate:—Used in ordinary speaking.

Energetic:—Indicating animation.

Impassioned:—Used in shouting or passionate expression.

40. Practice on the following examples, aiming always to bring out as fully as possible the author's thought:—

41. *Subdued*:—

It was a night of holy calm when the zephyrs swayed the young spring leaves and whispered their dreamy music among the hollow reeds.

—*Kellogg*.

(Other examples Arts. 54, 80 and 98.)

42. *Moderate*:—

This was the best store we had come across yet; it had everything in it, in small quantities, from anvils and dry goods all the way down to fish and pinchbeck jewelry.

—*Mark Twain*.

43. *Energetic*:—

Like heath-bird when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch Katrine flew.
High stood the henchman on the prow:
“Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer’s hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.”

—*Scott*.

(Other examples Arts. 163, 171, 287.)

44. Impassioned:—

*Forward the light brigade!

Charge for the guns! he said.

—*Tennyson.*

Up drawbridge! groom. What, warder, ho!

Let the portcullis fall!

—*Scott.*

(Other examples Arts. 52, 204, *a.*)

45. Repeat exercises in Articles 28–34.

Suggestive questions:—What force would be most appropriate in a sick room? In a house afire? In a parlor social? In asking for a holiday? To whom would Art. 41 seem to be addressed? Is Art. 42 the language of business or sentiment? What Quality should be used in Art. 43 and Art. 44? Should all parts of Art. 44 be given with equal force? What different persons are addressed in the latter quotation of Art. 44? Explain the meaning of the four nouns in the last quotation. What occasion would warrant such talk?

*NOTE.—A number of exercises which require a loud tone have been purposely inserted for the reason that a powerful voice cannot be acquired without full exercise. Many children, especially in cities, live where they cannot shout without disturbing the neighbors, so all their games and sports have been comparatively quiet. The result is weak voices. Some shouting exercise should be introduced every day in this study. The relief that it affords in the midst of school work will enable them to be quieter after it. A famous reader entered the newsboys' ranks and sold papers to develop his voice.

LESSON VII.

BREATHING EXERCISES. PITCH.

46. Before going further we must give some attention to the manner of breathing. Although all people breathe, few breathe to the best advantage. *We should use all parts of the lungs* in breathing. There is a common tendency to use only the upper portion. When this habit is formed the lungs become weak, and disease is apt to follow. Furthermore, such breathing immediately injures the voice so that bronchitis and other "throat troubles" are a common result.

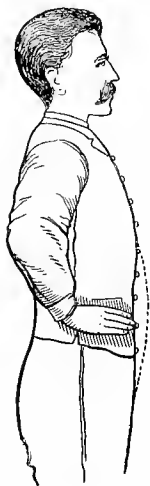


Fig. 6.

47. Drill position, hands above the hips with the fingers forward about the waist. Inhale slowly through the nose and exhale through the mouth with the sound of *h*. Keep the shoulders and chest still and breathe to the depth of the lungs so that you can feel the abdomen expand as you inhale. When the lungs are as full as they will comfortably hold, gradually exhale, keeping the sound of *h* steady until the air is well exhausted. You will notice that the abdomen contracts as you exhale. Continue this steady deep breathing

for two minutes; provided that if you feel any unpleasant sensation in the head resulting from it, you should sit down and rest a moment. After this exercise, practice inhaling suddenly, holding the breath a moment, then exhaling suddenly. Be sure that the *breathing* is *abdominal*, however, keeping the chest and shoulders still.

48. Repeat Article 37.

49. Pitch is the place on the musical scale at which a tone is produced.

Pitch varies in different voices, each one covering nearly an equal range which might be divided into many grades but five will be sufficient for our purpose.

50. *Very High.* Commonly indicating passion.

High.

Medium. Ordinary pitch.

Low.

Very Low. Gloomy thought or power.

51. Very high pitch may be exemplified in the scream of fright—"O-o-o! the mouse!"

The cry of pain—"O-o-o! Johnnie hit me with a snow-ball! o-o-o-o!"

The shout of glee—"O! hurra! we'll all ride down hill on one sled!"

The cry of anger—"O! you struck me on purpose! I'll pay you for that!"

Practice on the following:—

52. High Pitch:—

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again.
I call to you with all my voice.

(Other examples, Arts. 216, *b*; 236; 157; 237.)

53. Medium:—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

—*Gray*.

54. Low:—

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world.

—*Geo. D. Prentice*.

(Other examples, Arts. 64; 82, *c*; 100.)

55. Very Low:—

I am thy father's ghost, doomed for a time to walk
the night, and by the day to fast in fires 'till the foul
crimes done in my life are burnt and purged away.

—*Shakespeare*.

56. Repeat Articles 41–44.

Suggestive questions:—About how much do we inhale at an ordinary breath? In the deepest breath? What different effect on the blood and the brain? What Pitch is most quieting to the nerves? What Pitch expresses most authority in giving a command? In what Quality can you give the highest Pitch? Which use higher Pitch, men or women? Children or grown people? In what pitch do people laugh? Cry? Grumble? Quarrel? Comfort? Coax? Tease?

LESSON VIII.

EXERCISE IN COSTAL BREATHING. MOVEMENT.

57. Repeat Article 47.

58. Drill Position. Hands at the waist with the fingers backward. Breathe as before except that you expand the waist at the back instead of in front. This we shall remember as *Costal Breathing*. It gives the lungs their fullest capacity, and gives the voice its greatest strength.

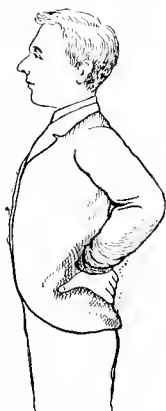


Fig. 7.

59. Repeat Article 18.

60. Movement is the rate of utterance.

61. This may be

Rapid, as in haste or excitement,

Moderate, as in ordinary speaking, or

Slow, as expressing greatness of thought, or depression of spirits.

Vocal Practice.

62. Rapid Movement:—

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet.

—*Longfellow*.

(Other examples, Arts. 157; 163; 172; 258, *u.*)

63. Moderate Movement:—

O, a wonderful stream is the river Time,
 As it flows through this realm of tears;
 With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,
 And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
 As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

—*B. F. Taylor.*

64. Slow Movement:—

O! thou that roll'st above, round as the shield of
 my fathers, whence are thy beams, O, Sun? thine
 everlasting light?

—*Ossian.*

(Other examples, Arts. 100; 171; 199, *e*; 216, *b*.)

65. Repeat Articles 52–55.

*Suggestive questions:—*Can you read Art. 62 so as to imitate the sound of the horse's hoofs? Can you express the thought best if you see the horse in imagination? What Quality should be used in Art. 64? Which needs greater Force, Art. 63 or Art. 64? Will a youth or a man talk with more rapid Movement? What Movement to express grand thoughts? Joyful thoughts?

LESSON IX.

EXERCISE IN CHEST BREATHING. INFLECTION.

66. Repeat Article 58.

67. Drill Position. Hands on the chest. Breathe as before except that you use chiefly the upper part of the lungs, expanding the chest as you inhale—*chest breathing*.

68. Repeat Art. 37.

69. **Inflection is a slide in the pitch of a tone.**

NOTE.—In the application of Inflection or Stress to our speech, each unit of thought is a unit for the Inflection or Stress. Thus what is said of “a tone” in the definitions (Arts. 69 and 86) may be continuous through a word or phrase, or even a clause. For illustration, the sentence, “The bird | in the tree-top | sings | as it swings,” consists of four thought-units: the subject with its article, the subject modifier (phrase), the verb (one word), the modifier of the verb (a clause). Each of these would receive one slide of Inflection, and one impulse of Stress. In other cases of greatly condensed or very emphatic speech each word may be individualized as a thought-unit requiring its own Inflection or Stress.

When we speak, the voice is almost continually sliding in pitch. In singing, the pitch usually remains unchanged throughout the tone. Herein consists the principal difference between singing and speaking.

70. Under this subject we may consider:—

a. *Monotone:* The absence of inflection, expressive of sublimity.

b. *Rising Inflection*. / Prevails in hope and joy.

(Examples, Arts. 89; 187, c.)

c. *Falling Inflection*. \ Prevails in sadness and discouragement.

(Examples, Arts. 143; 193, c.)

d. *Circumflex*. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Rising} \smile \\ \textit{Falling} \frown \end{array} \right\}$

71. Practice on the vocal *ō*, sliding the voice as indicated in the lines above until you can direct the inflection at will.

Practice the following examples:—

72. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth; and their words to the end of the world.

19th Psalm.

73. “Are you going home?”

“No, to town.”

“To town?”

“Yes, why?”

“I like company.”

“Then why not ride to town?”

“Why not? I will.”

74. “Do you know me, my lord?”

“Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.”

“Not I, my lord.”

"Then I would you were so honest a man."

"Honest, my lord?"

"Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

—*Shakespeare.*

75. Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
 From daily contact with the things I loathe?
 "Tried and convicted traitor?" Who says this?
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
 Banished—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
 "Traitor!" I go—but I return. This—trial!
 Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,
 Or make the infant sinews strong as steel.

—*Croly.*

Suggestive questions: Explain the various meanings suggested by saying the word, "What?" with different inflection—Rising, Falling, Rising Circumflex, Falling Circumflex. With what inflection do you say "What?" when you doubt the truth of what was said? How do you say "What?" so as to rebuke a speaker for his statement? When you are gladly surprised at the statement? When you are disagreeably surprised by the statement? When you answer a call in such a way as to show that it was an unwelcome interruption?

LESSON X.

EXERCISE OF THE WAIST. FORM.

76. Repeat 67, and remember that the tendency with most people is to breathe in that way too much, failing to use the lower part of the lungs; so be sure that your ordinary breathing is *abdominal* and *costal*.

77. Drill position. Hands at the waist. Bend the body, at the waist only, forward slowly and gradually. Let it bend down as low as you can comfortably without bending the knees. Then slowly straighten up to erect position. Then bend backward similarly and return to erect position. Now in a similar manner to the right and to the left, bending only at the waist. Repeat.

78. Form is the manner in which the voice issues from the vocal organs: that is, whether suddenly or gradually. The words may burst forth with the suddenness of a pistol shot, or flow forth smoothly as oil. Between these extremes the voice varies.

79. *Effusive Form*—Smooth and flowing.

Expulsive Form—Medium, used in ordinary voice.

Explosive Form—With the greatest suddenness.

Distinguish clearly between Form and Movement.

The former refers to the words individually, the latter to the combination of words. The words may be spoken in Effusive Form and the Movement at the same time may be Rapid.

Practice the following, throwing yourself into the spirit of the author and uttering the thought as your own.

80. Effusive:—

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Gray.

(Other examples, Arts. 98, 100, 255, 271.)

81. Expulsive:—

Society is the great educator. More than universities, more than schools, more than books, society educates. Nature is the schoolhouse, and many lessons are written upon its walls; but man is the effective teacher.

—*Orville Dewey.*

(Other examples, Arts. 245, 277.)

82. Explosive:—

a. Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

—*Tennyson: In Memoriam.*

b. Halt! the dust brown ranks stood fast.

Fire! out blazed the rifle blast.

—*Whittier: Barbara Fritchie.*

c. But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

—*Byron.*

(Other examples, Arts. 89, 101, 258, 279.)

83. Repeat 72-75.

Suggestive questions: If some one should suddenly frighten you so that you said "Oh!" what Form of voice would you use? In what Form do you laugh? What Form expresses quiet peacefulness? Urgent business? Weariness? Sublimity? What Quality and Force in Art. 80? What Pitch in Art. 82, *a*? What Quality and Inflection in Art. 82, *c*?

LESSON XI.

EXERCISE FOR THE NECK. STRESS.

84. Repeat Article 77.

85. Drill Position. Very slowly and steadily let the head drop forward upon the chest. Let there be no movement of the body; only the neck is to bend in this exercise. When the head is dropped forward as low as it can be comfortably, raise it with the same steady movement to erect position. Now drop the head backward in a similar manner and return. Then to the right and to the left in the same way.

86. ***Stress is the manner in which Force is applied to a tone**; it depends on which part of the tone is made the most forcible. The ordinary hearer does not notice what makes the difference in a change of stress, because the words are spoken so quickly, but all recognize the difference in expression when the stress is varied. Ordinarily the greatest force is put on the beginning of each word but it changes as occasion requires so that we have six definite varieties of Stress, as indicated by the accompanying diagrams:—

*See note to Art. 69.

87. Stress:—

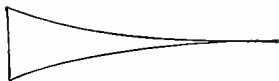
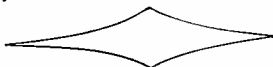
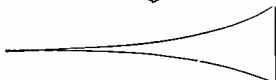
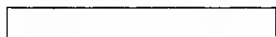
a. *Radical,*
ordinaryb. *Median,*c. *Final,*d. *Compound,*e. *Thorough,*f. *Tremor,*

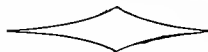
Fig. 8

88. In order to distinguish Radical Stress, pronounce the word, *O*, as you ordinarily speak. Again, prolonging the sound a little. Strike it forcibly at the beginning and let it fade out as the tone of a bell. Now try the same on the words, *bang, ring, drum, bell, toll, yell*. Now try Final Stress, commencing the tone gradually and ending abruptly with full force. Practice on the words, *halt, stop, drop, quit, chuck*. A practical illustration of this change from Radical to Final is heard in the answer a canvasser receives from one who does

not wish to buy. At first it is "*No*"

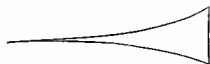


then it becomes "*No*"



and finally,

"*No*"



89. Radical Stress:—

Go ring the bells and fire the guns
And fling the starry banner out.

(Other examples, Arts. 142; 150, *a*; 156.)

90. Final Stress:—

We will *never* submit, never! NEVER! NEVER!

(Other examples, Arts. 150, *c*; 193, *a* and *b*.)

Suggestive questions: What difference in Stress between, Ha! as in laughing, and, Ha! as said in reproof? Which better expresses freedom from care, Radical Stress or Final? Which better expresses determination? Will? What stress in the tone of a bell? In the chuh! chuh! chuh! chuh! of the railroad engine? What Pitch and Movement are best for Art. 89? Why?

NOTE.—The difference between Inflection and Stress may be illustrated by the violin: If the player slides his finger up or down the string, he gives to the tone rising or falling Inflection. If now he gradually increases the pressure on the bow throughout a tone he gives it Final Stress. Gradually decreased pressure on the bow throughout a tone would give Radical Stress. In general, sliding the finger on a string gives Inflection to the tone, while pressure on the bow determines the Stress of the tone.

LESSON XII.

TORSION OF THE BODY. STRESS—Continued.

91. Repeat Article 85.

92. Drill Position. Without moving the feet or bending from erect position, twist the body slowly to the right so that the chest turns ninety degrees or more, then steadily return. The same to the left. Repeat several times.

93. The grace that is added to the voice by a fine use of Median Stress is worthy of tireless effort. Stress seems to be the principal attribute of voice by which *will* is expressed. Radical Stress is the common voice in which the will of the speaker is not manifest; Final Stress indicates the positive determination of the speaker's will; while Median Stress indicates that moderate degree of will which constitutes self-possession. Say, "No, I will not," in Radical, Median, and Final Stress and observe the changed meaning.



Fig. 9.

94. Practice Median Stress at first on the vocal, *ō*.

LESSON XIII.

TORSION OF THE ARMS. ARTICULATION OF THE VOWELS.

102. Repeat Article 92.

103. Drill Position. Keeping the hands down at the side, twist the arms inward so that the hands turn through 180 degrees, bringing the little fingers forward. Return, and twist the arms outward 180 degrees, bringing the little fingers forward again, thus turning the hands through a complete circuit by simply twisting the arms on their axes. Continue this exercise four times. Then extend the arms horizontally at the side and twist them as before. Then extend the arms horizontally forward and repeat the same.

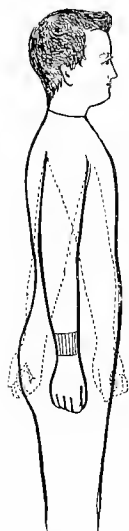


Fig. 10.

104. Besides the seven attributes of voice (Art. 6), already studied, the *expression of thought* requires particular attention to *Articulation*, *Pauses*, *Climax* and *Emphasis*.

105. By **Articulation** is meant **the utterance of all the sounds**. Few people articulate *well*; although few need be deficient in that important matter. How few people in giving you a stranger's name make

it distinct! In conversation one is frequently compelled to ask for a repetition. Often public speakers annoy their audience by not making themselves heard. In nearly all these cases the trouble is in articulation. The listener hears a part of what is said, but the sounds which are lost are essential to an understanding of the word. It requires more skill to produce some sounds than others, but all are produced by muscular effort. Only until the hand is trained is it easier for a boy with a hammer to miss a nail than to hit it. Just so it is not absence of vocal power but lack of vocal training that makes so many indistinct speakers.

106. There are usually no difficulties in uttering the vowel sounds if the pupil knows definitely what the sounds are. The Principles of Pronunciation in the unabridged dictionary are very explicit on this matter and furnish perhaps the best available authority as to what those sounds are. It is always an advantage to the pupil to hear some one give those sounds correctly; at any rate they must be clearly recognized in some way.

107. Give especial drill to the following sounds which are frequently given incorrectly:—

\ddot{a} , \acute{a} , a , \tilde{e} , \tilde{i} , \overline{o} , \overline{u} , u , \hat{u} .

(Webster's system of marking is here used.)

108. In holding or prolonging such sounds as \bar{a} , \tilde{i} , oi , ou , let the first part of the tone be prolonged, and

not the latter. They are compound sounds and the open part of the sound should receive the "hold." For the same reason in the sound, *ũ*, the latter part only should be held.

109. Practice all the vocals in Pure Tone, Moderate Force, Medium Pitch, Expulsive Form, Falling Inflection, and Radical Stress.

110. Repeat Articles 98-101.

Suggestive questions: In distinct conversation, are all the sounds uttered with equal prominence? Which word is least prominent when we say, *There comes a man*? Which syllable is more prominent when we say, *Washington*? Which sound is least prominent when you say, *holds*? Have you noticed that people sometimes speak too loud to be understood? And that others whose voices are not nearly so noisy are easily understood? What is the reason?

LESSON XIV.

TORSION OF THE NECK. ARTICULATION OF
THE CONSONANTS.

111. Repeat Article 103.

112. Drill Position. Keeping the head erect, turn it slowly to the right so that the face is over the shoulder; return slowly. Then turn to the left the same. Do not turn the chest any but keep it still.

113. Give the sounds of all the consonants in order, with especial drill on the following:—

b, d, f, g, j, s, v, x, z.

Practice until you can give each consonant sound alone; *b, d* and *g*, may be combined with a vowel at first, as, *ib, id* and *ig*. After practicing a while the consonants can all be sounded full and clear without any vowel in combination.

114. Observe what organs of voice are used in producing each sound. You will then understand why it requires practice to articulate strongly. The muscles of the lips, tongue and palate must be developed by use the same as those of the arm if they are to be strong. Compare *b* and *p*; in what are they alike, and in what do they differ? Also *d* and *t*; *g* and *k*; *s* and *z*; *th* and *tt*.

115. Make a list of the sounds which the lips aid in

forming—*Labials*. Another list formed by the tongue—*Linguals*. A list of those which the teeth aid in forming—*Dentals*. Another list formed by the palate—*Palatals*. Another list of those sounds in which the air column is forced through the nose, as *n*—*Nasals*. A list of those sounds in which the air column is entirely stopped—*Mutes*. A list of those sounds which may be easily prolonged indefinitely—*Liquids*. A list of the sounds which consist of breath not vocalized, *p*, *t*, etc.—*Aspirates*. A list of the sounds which consist of tone, vocalized breath, modified by the teeth, lips, tongue or palate—*Sub-vocals*. A list of the sounds consisting of tone unmodified by the lips, the tongue or the palate—*Vocals*.

116. Practice the sounds in each of the above lists, as directed in Art. 109.

Suggestive questions. Where are the vowel sounds formed? Have you ever heard a man talk who had no front teeth? Did he talk plainly? If not, why not? Do you like to hear a person talk when his tongue seems to fill his whole mouth? How shall he avoid that? Why is it necessary to open the mouth well in order to talk distinctly? Can you sound all the letters in a whisper—Aspirate Quality?

LESSON XV.

PERCUSSION OF THE CHEST. ARTICULATION—
Continued.

117. Repeat Article 112.

118. Drill Position. Hands on the chest. Throw the shoulders up and back. Draw a full breath, as in Art. 67, hold it while you rap the chest sharply and quickly with the open palms sixteen times. After practising this *Chest Percussion* for a few days regularly the strokes may be made heavier until the rapping can be done with the hands clenched. Keep the lungs full during the percussion. Repeat.

119. When one can readily produce all the elementary sounds, there are still some combinations that will need much attentive practice, especially cumulations of consonants.

120. One common fault in Articulation is the skipping too lightly and quickly over small words. The fact that they are *least important* does not mean that they are *unimportant*. No unimportant word should be used at all, and a word that is worth using is worth speaking distinctly.

121. With natural voice, pronounce each of the following words four times in succession:—

adz	dearth	pusillanimity
aids	duty	quaintness
asks	distinctness	rock-ribbed
asked	elms	rarity
able	elocution	rearward
abler	empty	Seth
ablest	earth	scythe
abdal	famed	spent
athlete	fifthly	splint
althea	fulfilleth	splashed
Alps	faithfully	singed
amplifier	faithlessly	sinning
abominable	gasped	singing
bald	ginger	sea-shells
boldly	gnarled	succinctly
bedlam	holily	somnambulist
begged	healthfully	texts
blended	inimitably	tenths
blending	innumerable	truths
blamable	judged	thither
blamably	jingling	vine
boastest	Kaskaskia	vivacious
broiled	lamentable	valvular
cask	Lilliputian	whales
clasps	minimum	whence
clasped	memorable	which
called'st	nonentity	whilst
community	overwhelmed	waxest
depths	passeth	whisked
did'st	pumped	

Suggestive questions. Do you commonly find yourself refreshed or exhausted after the physical drill exercises? Do your muscles weary as quickly as they did in Lesson I? In Art. 121, can you make the lungs push the air till it is compressed by the vocal organs, making the tone tense and firm? Can you direct the words so as to throw them directly to the one to whom you are speaking?

LESSON XVI.

PERCUSSION OF THE NECK. PROMINENT T :
OBSCURE SOUNDS.

122. Repeat Article 118.

123. Drill Position. With the open palm of the right hand rap lightly and rapidly for five seconds the right back part of the neck. Then with the left hand the left side similarly. Then with the right hand the left front side of the neck. Now with the left hand rap the right front side of the neck. Let this exercise be done lightly until a few days regular practice have hardened the muscles a little, after which the rapping may be made more brisk. Keep the head erect.

124. While a good Articulation requires every sound to be made distinct, it does not require all to be equally prominent. Words commencing or ending with the unaccented vowel, *a*, furnish a good example of this fact. The words, *ahead* and *America*, are equally spoiled by having all the syllables pronounced with the same prominence, and by having the ends clipped—*Go a-head Amer-i-ca*, is as bad as—*Go 'head 'merica*. In some dictionaries, obscure vowels are unmarked. A correct speaker will give these that nice subordination to the principal sounds which produces an easy, graceful yet clear effect.

125. The same principle applies to phrases. Articles should be subordinated to their nouns. *A man*, should be spoken almost as if it were one word. Phrases, considered grammatically, are elements, and in proper speech they are spoken as such. To avoid on one side the error of carelessness which slights the subordinate sounds, and on the other side the error of pedantry or affectation which over-does the Articulation, will require you to criticise yourself persistently until you have formed a correct habit, unless you have had the rare good fortune not to fall into a bad habit.

126. Apply the suggestions on Articulation to the following exercises for practice:—

- a.* Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet, I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

—*Matthew*.

- b.* Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by rain,
With banners by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain.

—*Longfellow*.

- c.* Some shun sunshine.
d. Philip Phifer filled a pit full of pilfered pippins.
e. When loud surges lash the sounding shore, the hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
f. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, therefore thou, when thou siftest a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb.

127. Repeat a part of Article 121.

Suggestive questions. What elements of voice will express the kindly comfort of Art. 126, *a*? What difference in the voice to express "great gales" and "brightest silks?" Do "loud surges" move fast or slow? What Stress represents their lashing the shore? Which is harder for you to pronounce, repetitions of the same sound or combinations of different sounds? Which exercise in the lesson do you find the most difficult?

LESSON XVII.

EXERCISE FOR THE LOWER LIMBS. PAUSES.

128. Repeat Article 123.

129. Drill Position. Slowly and steadily raise the heels from the floor, bringing the body as high as possible on tiptoe. Slowly descend to position. Strive to do this without any jerking or staggering. The same four times.

In a similar manner lift the toes, supporting the body on the heels. The same four times.

130. A Pause is a temporary cessation of the utterance. Do not confuse Pauses with punctuation marks; these sometimes indicate where Pauses should be made, though not always. The correct use of Pauses can only be learned by personal study of the thought, but a few hints may aid the learner.

131. A common fault in reading and speaking is the irregular halting with every few words, then jerking along through the next group without regard to the thought. In reading, this may arise from unfamiliarity with some of the words; in speaking, from embarrassment or a lack of words at easy command. When this habit is formed it produces the impression of weak thought or nervousness on the part of the speaker.

Notice the effect if this sentence from Chalmers is read in that manner:—

The first—great obstacle—to the extinction—of war—is the way—in which—the heart—of man—is carried off—from its barbarities—and its horrors—by the splendor—of its deceitful—accompaniments.

Now read it as indicated below, using only one breath after the word, war.

132. The first great obstacle to the extinction of war—is the way in which the heart of man is carried off from its barbarities and its horrors by the splendor of its deceitful accompaniments.

133. As already hinted, the failure to manage the breath properly is a frequent cause of incorrect pausing. A Pure Tone uses the breath very slowly, so that if properly managed, it ought never to be necessary to pause for breath.

134. In order to avoid unnecessary pauses, practice the following exercises in their proper Movement (Art. 60), without pausing except where the dashes indicate.

135. So live—that when thy summons comes—to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade—where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death—
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night—
Scourged to his dungeon—but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust—approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him—and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—Bryant.

136. How bright are the honors which await those who with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption!—the honored dead!—They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death—Their names are gathered and garnered—Their memory is precious.

—*Beecher.*

137. Repeat Article 126.

Suggestive questions: What sound of *u* in “innumerable,” “endured”? What sound did you give the *e* in “silent” when you read it? What inflection on “So live,” “of death,” “About him,” “all things”? What Movement is needed in Art. 135? What sentiment prevails throughout it? Which should have more Force, Art. 135 or Art. 136? What preceding word does “approach” most nearly relate to? By what element of voice do you make it relate back properly?

XVIII.

DEADSTILL EXERCISES. PAUSES.

138. Repeat Article 129.

139. Sitting Posture. Trunk and head erect. Keep yourself absolutely still: do not move a voluntary muscle; do not even wink. Sit deadstill as long as you can without discomfort; try it at first for twenty seconds, then try it for thirty seconds, and so gradually increase the time. If the eyes water, rest them. After trying it with the eyes open, try it with the eyes shut. Then stand and take the same exercise with the Drill position and with Speaker's Position. This exercise may be *occasionally* practiced with profit by pupils in their seats. It helps one to get himself under control when the "fly-away feeling" possesses him.

140. It should be observed here that frequent winking, drumming with the fingers, swinging the feet, fumbling the watch chain or pencil, and other similar habits are the expression of uncontrolled nerves, and are not only disagreeable but injurious, having a tendency to exhaust the nerve power. Strenuously avoid all such movements.

141. The pauses which are most important for us to notice here are:

The Grammatical Pause.

The Rhetorical Pause.

The Emotional Pause.

142. The Grammatical Pause frequently corresponds with the punctuation marks, but not always. The following sentence from William Pitt may be well read without pausing at the commas after *has* and *decency*, but to pass the comma after *man* without a pause would obscure the grammatical relation of the relative pronoun, *which*, and hence would be very bad reading.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny: but content myself with hoping, that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth.

—*Pitt.*

The Grammatical Pause is used to express grammatical relation.

143. The Rhetorical Pause is used to make the thought more effective.

In the following stanza from N. P. Willis, the thought may be expressed more strongly by a pause after *heart* in the first line, after *words*, and after *itself*.

Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor, common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer.

—*N. P. Willis.*

(See Art. 163, after “Sheridan.”)

Different shades of meaning may be made by varying rhetorical pauses, hence we have here a broad field for the exercise of good judgment in reading.

144. The Emotional Pause is used when one is overcome by emotion and the voice is choked by passion.

The following from Antony's speech at Cæsar's funeral may well illustrate the Emotional Pause:

You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason! Bear with me,
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me

* * * * *

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

—*Shakespeare.*

(See Art. 258, c.)

145. Practice on the examples given, also apply Rhetorical Pause in the following. Study the effect of changing the pausing until you get the most perfect expression of the thought.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,—
 Out into the west as the sun went down;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

—*Chas. Kingsley.*

146. Repeat Articles 135 and 136.

Suggestive questions. What is the meaning of "Oh!" in 143, thought or sentiment? What Form, Inflection and Pitch make it most expressive? What meaning would be expressed by putting Falling Circumflex (Art. 70, d.) on "honorable" in Art. 142, a.? What would

be the effect of a Rhetorical Pause after "crime"? How can you speak the word "cease" to make it sarcastic? Would it be an advantage to pause and listen after "harbor bar," in Art. 145? What is the meaning if you make no pause after "each"? Should you make a pause there?

LESSON XIX.

ARM EXERCISE. CLIMAX.

147. Repeat Article 139.

148. Speaker's position. Point with your right hand to the corner of the ceiling in front of you or a little to the left. Now very slowly and steadily move the hand toward the right, following accurately the margin of the ceiling. Let the hand pass over the line of the ceiling very slowly—about as fast as a fly would run along. Then in a similar manner return the hand along the same line to the point of starting. Then perform the same exercise with the left hand. Afterward some other line lower down may be taken. Point to a train of cars, real or imaginary, at full speed half a mile away.

149. Climax is the regular increase of power in a series of expressions.

Anti-climax is the reverse of climax, the power being gradually decreased. As climax, well used, is one of the finest aids to speech, so anti-climax is a common means of spoiling it. If the speaker has his beginning well thought out, and starts in vigorously, but flags as he proceeds, the effect is generally worse than if he had not done the first so well. This applies either to what we call public speech or to a recitation in class,

a short speech or a long one. If one increases in power as he advances, it gives the impression of strength yet in reserve, while flagging energies betray weakness. Climax may be used in a series of *words*, in successive *sentences*, or in a succession of *paragraphs*. In a long climax, however, it must not be a continuous ascent; but a series of flights, each one rising a little higher than the preceding.

150. Practice the following example. Manage your voice so that you do not reach your limit before you get to the end.

- a. At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in supplicance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
- In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.
- b. At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
- There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

c. An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;

That bright dream was his last;

He woke to hear his sentries shriek,

“To arms!—they *come!* the Greek! the *Greek!*”

He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,

And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,

And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain cloud;

And heard with voice as trumpet loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band:

“*Strike* till the last armed foe *expires*;

STRIKE—for your *altars* and your fires;

STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires.

GOD—and your native land.”

—*Fitz-Green Halleck.*

Suggestive questions. What words in Art. 150 should have Explosive Form? What part needs Median Stress? Is the same party referred to in the first and second stanza? What sentiment prevails in each stanza? Is “Eden’s bird” (150, *a.*) supposed to be different from other birds? What line shows climax in phrases (150, *c.*)? Whose words in the last four lines? What Stress on “Strike”? What difference in Pitch on “shout” and “groan”? Why?

LESSON XX.

CIRCULAR ARM MOVEMENT. EMPHASIS.

151. Repeat Article 148.

152. Drill Position. Without bending the arm, swing it from the shoulder forward, up, back, and down, describing a circle. Let the movement be slow and steady. Perform it first with the right arm, then with the left, then with both together. Keep the trunk still, and make the circles as nearly parallel as possible.

153. **Emphasis is any peculiar impressiveness of expression.**

It is a mistake to suppose that Emphasis is only secured by loudness. Anything which calls special attention to a word, emphasizes it. This may be done by:—

- a.* Speaking it with greater force.
- b.* Speaking it with subdued force.
- c.* Giving it more effusive form.
- d.* Giving it a peculiar stress.
- e.* Pausing before it, or after it, or both.
- f.* Changing the quality.
- g.* Gesture or facial expression, or any other device which makes it specially prominent.

154. Ordinarily, in every sentence some words are more important than others. In speech these words are shown by the way in which they are spoken—they are

emphasized. In speaking thought previously prepared, or the thoughts of another, as in reading, one is liable to give a wrong emphasis because the thought is not fully realized and made one's own. Every different shade of meaning changes the emphasis, so if the meaning is not fully and accurately grasped, the emphasis will be wrong. Saying over words without any emphasis is not much worse than throwing in the emphasis arbitrarily—without reference to the meaning. Every phrase has its emphatic word, every long sentence its emphatic phrase or clause, and nearly every paragraph its emphatic sentence. The reader should always run his eye ahead of his tongue to see what is coming.

See how many differences of meaning you can give to the following by changing the emphasis.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.
—*34th Psalm.*

156. Practice the following, and study to give all parts proper emphasis.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

—*Pope's Universal Prayer.*

157. I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song,
Ye may trace my steps o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

- 158.** There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

—*Shakespeare.*

- 159.** Repeat Article 150.

Suggestive questions. What method of Emphasis is used mostly as you speak Art. 156? on “conscience?” on “not?” on “this?” on “heaven?” In Art. 157, which is more emphatic, “primrose” or “stars?” “leaves” or “opening?” What Pitch and Inflection on “come” to give proper emphasis? Do you notice a tendency to throw too much emphasis on the last word of a line or sentence? (For example, the second line in the quotation from Pope). Did you emphasize “is” and “the” in the first line of Art. 158?

LESSON XXI.

BODY EXERCISE. POETIC READING.

160. Repeat Article 152.

161. Drill Position. Hands on the chest. Rise on tiptoe and reach straight up as far as possible with both hands. Return them to position on the chest while the heels return gradually to the floor. Bend forward and down at the waist and reach as near the floor as possible without bending the knees. Return to position with hands on the chest. Repeat the same slowly four times.

162. In reading poetry, Emphasis, Inflection and Pauses are often improperly combined to produce what is commonly called **sing-song**. *The sense should never be sacrificed for poetic effect.* With this caution, the reader should “bring out” the rhythm, the meter, and all the poetic art to its best advantage. Poetry that is well written will sound poetic if the thought is expressed to the best advantage. The reader should pause at the end of every line of poetry, but if there is no punctuation at the end of a line make the pause brief, and do not let the voice fall. By keeping the Inflection right you may make as long a pause as you wish and the chain of thought will not be broken. The poetic effect is chiefly aided by the proper management of the time—Movement and Form—while Inflection and Emphasis must be determined alone by the sense.

163. Avoid sing-song in your practice of the following. Apply the suggestions in Art. 162.

*Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible rumble and grumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan—twenty miles away.

—*T. B. Read*

164. Repeat Articles 156–158.

Suggestive questions: What Inflection on “day”? (Art. 163) What brought “to Winchester fresh dismay”? What Inflection on “bore”? The air “bore” what? Whither? What sound is imitated in the fifth line? What Pitch, Force and Movement to best represent it? What is the effect of Rising Inflection on “Sheridan,” and a long pause after it? Where was this battle? What is the story that explains this stanza? (If you do not know, consult an encyclopedia, or ask older people. In order to read well, the thought must be understood.)

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LESSON XXII.

FOOT MOVEMENT. SOUND AND SENSE.

165. Repeat Article 161.

166. Drill Position. Keeping the toes turned out at the same angle, advance the right foot one step to

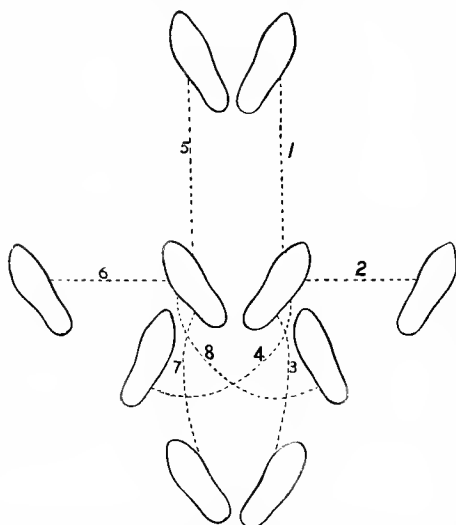


Fig 11.

the front and then return to position, then one step to the right lateral, and back to position. Proceed in the same way to the four points front, right lateral, backward, left lateral (See Art. 180.) Make

each step prompt and graceful, and throw the weight of the body on the active foot at each step. Pursue the same circuit in reverse order with the left foot.

167. Many words by their sound convey somewhat

of their meaning, as, *ring, slush, broad, tiny, roar*. The speaker by his voice should aid this effort of language to interpret itself. So far as possible, the thought should be given to the hearer without any effort on his part.

168. Two classes of words may be noticed under this subject: *Onomatopoeitic*, or those which imitate the sounds described; and *Characteristic* words, or those which give an idea of size or quality.

Pronounce the following so as to bring out their meaning as fully as possible:

Onomatopoeitic—Ring, jingle, toll, crash, thump, rattle, rustle, whistle, roar, thunder.

Characteristic—Little, large, noble, mean, far, happy, merriest, round, grand, old, sneak, vagabond, nobleman, king, villainy, treachery, honor, magnanimity.

169. Imitate the sound of the wind as it swells and dies away, sighs and moans successively in the following:

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—No.

170. Bring out the effect of the smooth sailing and slight swaying of the boat in the following:

*Round purple peaks it sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw, through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

—“Drifting,” by T. B. Read.

171. Express the sublimity in this passage from
“God’s First Temples:”

O God, when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages, spare me and mine.

— *W. C. Bryant.*

172. Hear the sledges with the bells,—silver bells;
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

— *Edgar A. Poe.*

Suggestive questions: When you say, “I am glad to see you,” do you say it as if you meant it? Can you say “No” as the wind does? (Art. 169.) What Inflection on “sighed”? Should we emphasize “and” in the second line of Art. 170? What Stress on Art. 171? Should the Inflection be on short and frequent or long and continuous slides? What Movement to imitate the sleigh bells in Art. 172?

LESSON XXIII.

FINGER MOVEMENT. SENTIMENT.

173. Drill Position. Hands down at the side. Without moving the arms, clench both hands quickly and firmly. Now open them fully so the fingers and thumbs are straight. The same eight times. Now repeat with the arms horizontal at the side. Again with the arms straight up. Again repeat with the arms horizontal forward.

174. We have now had an outline of the elements of tone, and the changes which the voice undergoes. We have learned to produce those changes; to classify and name them. We are prepared to enter more into a consideration of the causes and meaning of those changes.

Words express ideas; tones express feelings, sentiments, states of mind. You can understand anger, fear, joy and peace in a man's voice, though he speaks in a foreign tongue and you do not know a word of it. Even a horse understands the language of the emotions. This is the universal language. A mob will be more influenced by a man's tones than by his words. Children in the home and in the school are more controlled by feelings than by ideas. Hence, "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

It is the tone, rather than the words, which commands, entreats, questions, decides, offends, attracts, comforts or irritates us.

175. Speaker's Position. Practice on *O*, expressing the following sentiments. Repeat again and again, pursuing the list forward and backward.

Conversational:—

- a.* Business.
- b.* Friendly.
- c.* Intimate.
- d.* Confidential.
- e.* Questioning.
- f.* Protesting.
- g.* Deciding.
- h.* Entreating.
- i.* Despairing.

176. Repeat Articles 169–172.

Suggestive questions. Can you drive off ill feelings by speaking and acting pleasantly? Do we become like the character we assume? How do children tease and pout: with words, tone, action, or with all? What Movement and Stress in Art. 175, *a*? What Quality and Force in Art. 175, *d*?

PART SECOND.

Studies in Action; Vocal Exercises.

LESSON XXIV.

ACTION. DIRECTION OF GESTURE.

177. Repeat Article 173.

178. Speaker's Position. Practice the syllable, *ah*, expressing the following emotions. Repeat as in Art. 175.

Passionate:—

- a.* Command.
- b.* Question.
- c.* Challenge.
- d.* Anger.
- e.* Apology.
- f.* Chagrin.
- g.* Pity.
- h.* Joy.
- i.* Surprise.
- j.* Fear.

179. Action is the complement of voice in expressing our thoughts. As a rule no action should be used where the voice is sufficient. Too much

action is distasteful, whether it be the grimaces of affected conversation or the spread-eagle delivery of the stump speaker. With this caution at the beginning, we may proceed to the study of where and how to use action as an aid to expression. The subject naturally divides itself into that of *the hands, the arms, the feet, the trunk, the head, and the countenance.*

180. The Hand in gesture may take any direction, but we must have a few terms by which to designate the different points.

If you stand erect and imagine yourself somewhat as the axis of a large geographical globe of which your fingers, when swung at arm's length in every direction, describe the surface, you can easily imagine that surface as marked by the circles of latitude and longitude. Sweeping the arm around horizontally you describe the equator. Raising the arm 45 degrees, your hand may describe another circle parallel with the equator, and 45 degrees below the horizontal you may describe another parallel. From these circles we can locate all gestures in Latitude, as Horizontal, Upper and Lower. Now sweeping the hand from pole to pole on the surface of our imaginary globe you may describe eight meridians 45 degrees apart, which will be sufficient to locate gestures in Longitude. Thus we derive the following table of directions:—

GESTURES.

<i>In Longitude.</i>		<i>In Latitude.</i>
F.—Front.		Up.
Ob.—Oblique	{ Right—Rt. Left—L.	Upper—U.
Lat.—Lateral	{ Right Left.	Horizontal—Hor.
Ob. B.—Oblique Backward	{ Right. Left.	Lower—Low.
B.—Backward.		Down—D.

Number and quantity increase from the Front to the Lateral; “All the world” is included by a Lateral gesture. If gestures were used on the sentence, “Millions for defense, but not a dollar for tribute,” a gesture with both hands near the Lateral might be used on “Millions,” while one hand in Front would indicate “a dollar.” Front gestures are most definite. Oblique Backward and Backward are used to represent the past in time or place, also the disagreeable, as shown when we turn our back on that which is despised.

Upper direction is given to objects, real or imaginary, located above, also to elevated and noble emotions and ideas.

Lower direction is given to objects located below, and to that which is humble, base or despised in thought.

Horizontal gestures are given to the ordinary in thought or place.

181. Point to the twenty-six directions indicated in Art. 180,—Down, Lower Front, Rt. Hor. Lateral, Rt. Oblique Upper, Left Ob. Backward Horizontal, etc.

182. Repeat Article 175.

Suggestive questions. What words would indicate the direction of a gesture to the moon? In a gesture to the horizon would the raising or lowering of it one inch spoil it—in other words, must the gesture be precise? Where shall we locate the horizon, level with the shoulder, or level with the eye? In speaking of the Deity if we use a gesture shall it be over the head, over the shoulder, or farther out?

LESSON XXV.

LAUGHING EXERCISE. THE SUPINE HAND.

183. Repeat Article 178.

184. Speaker's position. Pronounce the syllable, *ha*, in ordinary manner. Raise the Pitch and make the Form Explosive. Now twice in succession. Three times. Now give it Force enough to make it a genuine hearty laugh. If some one laughs with the syllable, *Te-he-he!* all take that syllable and make the laugh as natural as the genuine. If you hear, *Oh-ho-ho-ho!* or *Hĩ-hĩ-hĩ-hĩ!* or *Hũ-hũ-hũ-hũ!* practice it. Try to enter into the spirit of it. See if you can discover what varying sentiment enters into different laughs. Which suits you individually best? Do you use different kinds at different times? This "laughing practice" is one of the most valuable vocal exercises; it is healthful; and, as the laugh indicates the character, it is worth while to cultivate a *proper* habit of laughing.

185. *The positions of the hand are, Supine, Averse, Index, Clenched, Prone, and Reflex.*

186. **The Supine Hand** (See Figures 12, 19, 20, 21,) is most used. It is friendly, considerate and unimpassioned. It appeals to the judgment of the hearer. When the Supine Hand is used in direct address the hand should always be drooped from the wrist enough so the person addressed can see the palm. Extend the

hand supine toward a company. Hold it a little too high so they cannot see the palm and they are omitted. Hold it so those in the center can see the palm, but those



Fig. 12.

at the side cannot, and these last are excluded. The first finger should be straight; the others slightly and loosely curved. Practice until you get it just right. Anyone can tell when it looks right. To criticise your-

self, practice before a mirror. In all study of Action your glass may be made your greatest helper.

187. Practice the following with supine hand as indicated:

a. "I am very glad to see you. Good even, sir."
Rt. Hand Front. Hor.

b. "Be a hero in the strife."
Rt. Up Obl.

c. Is there for honest poverty,
Left, Hor. Fr.
 Wha hangs his head, and a' that?

—*Burns.*

d. Come unto me, all ye that labor and
Both Hands, Hor. Obl.
 are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

—*Bible.*

Do not make the gestures rapid; let the hand move slow, gracefully, reaching its fullness or *culmination*, just at the point of emphasis. Hold it in position while the thought requires it, then withdraw it gracefully; do not drop it.

Both hands have the same general meaning as one hand, but are more emphatic.

188. Repeat Article 181.

Suggestive questions: Can you stop laughing at will? How can one acquire that power if he does not have it? How do you acquire any power? Can you express the thought as fully in Art. 187, *b*, without a gesture as with it? Will one hand do as well in Art. 187, *d*? What Stress in *b*? What sentiment in *c*? Quality?

NOTE.—It should be understood that there are different ways of rendering the same thought. No two persons would use precisely the same gestures on any extended speech, and yet both may be equally good. The gestures that are assigned to particular passages in this book are not to be considered the only ones that could be used.

LESSON XXVI.

SALUTATION EXERCISE. THE AVERSE HAND.

189. Repeat Article 184.

190. Take the Speaker's Position and practice on the words, Good morning.

a. Say, "Good morning" as you do to the teacher.

b. As you do to your chum.

c. As you do to a stranger.

d. A friendly "Good morning."

e. A business "Good morning."

f. A hostile "Good morning."

g. A haughty "Good morning."

h. A condescending "Good morning."

i. A flattering "Good morning."

j. An honest, cordial "Good morning."

Notice how a slight change of the voice and manner gives an entirely different character to these words. Carry this study in your mind through the day; observe the varying sentiments that are expressed in the greetings on the streets and by different people. Characterize them in your review of this exercise to-morrow. Try to make your own "good mornings" mean what they should—kindly, happy, cordial good wishes.

191. The Averse Position of the hand is that which would push away a repulsive object—



Fig. 13.

the back of the hand toward your own face, the wrist sharply bent back, and fingers straight. As it is the position which would push away a repulsive object, so, it represents ideas that are repulsive.

192. Every gesture that is applied to material things has its correlated gesture applied to mental objects. As we speak of a lofty mountain and a lofty thought, both might receive the same gesture. A miry pit and a loathsome character might both receive the same gesture of aversion. A point on the book and a point of an idea might both be brought to one's attention by the aid of similar gestures.

193. Practice the following with Averse gesture as indicated:—

a. False wizard, avaunt.
Rt. Hor. Obl.

b. Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Both Hands, Front, Horizontal.
Too near the body of my dead.

—*The Polish Boy*—*Ann S. Stevens.*

c. O, I have passed a miserable night,
Left Obl. Lower.

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams.
Both Obl. Lower. Both Lateral Lower.

—*Shakespeare.*

194. Avoid all quick, nervous action. Do not thrust the hand out, but let it be limp till it comes to position. The front edge of the hand should lead in all graceful gesture. If the back of the hand leads, it will seem more as if you are going to slap something.

195. Repeat Article 187.

Suggestive questions. Which should be most used in speech, Supine or Averse hand? What Quality is most needed with Averse hand? Which of your hands makes gestures with the greater ease? Why should the gesture be horizontal in Art. 193, *b*? Would the Supine or Averse better express hope? Contempt? Courage? Fear? Entreaty? What is the meaning of a gesture made too quick? Can you give Art. 193, *a*, with strength, authority, and firmness?



Fig. 14.

LESSON XXVII.

EXERCISE IN "NO." THE INDEX HAND.

196. Repeat Article 190.

197. Practice on the word, No:

- a.* Give conversational "No."
- b.* Business "No", (Make your questions short.)
- c.* Questioning "No", (Is that so?)
- d.* Doubtful "No", (Perhaps "Yes".)
- e.* Positive "No", (No doubt of it.)
- f.* Resentful "No", (You should not ask.)
- g.* Impatient "No", (Don't bother me.)
- h.* Inquisitive "No", (Do tell me about it.)
- i.* Emphatic "No", (A thousand times, No!)

You have heard of people who cannot say "No". Which of the above do they use? Can you say "No" firmly, positively, and yet pleasantly?

198. **The primary meaning of the Index Finger in gesture is definiteness.** In position and direction (objectively) it locates definitely. In ideas (subjectively) it denotes the same precision, or definiteness of thought. By it the debater calls attention to the exact point at issue, the teacher explains particularly. In a downward gesture it asserts. Held erect in a front horizontal, it warns. Pointed at an object with the back up it expresses contempt, hence arises the phrase, "the finger of scorn". It would be hard to use words

that would stir you to the same degree as to have one point the finger of scorn at you. Pointed at an object with the edge of the hand up it only designates, without expressing any ill feeling. In all these cases it means definiteness.

199. Practice the following with Index Finger:

a. Location.

The decent church that tops the neighboring hill,
Obli. Upper.

b. Scorn.

Let that plebian talk; 'tis not my trade.
Rt. Hor. Lat.

c. Argument.

Consider this,
Rt. Fr. Hor. Fore Arm.
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. —*Shakespeare.*

d. Affirmation.

But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
Rt. Fr. Down.
And still do scorn to hide my sense of wrong.
—*Croly.*

e. Warning.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day,
Fr. Hor.
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array.
—*Campbell.*

200. Repeat Article 193.

Suggestive questions: Which exercise in Art. 199 requires Effusive Form? What Inflection is wanted in Art. 199, *b*? Should *c* be spoken in an arguing tone or authoritatively? Should *d* be given with dignity or petulance? Why does a speaker point out on his finger tips the several divisions of his topic? Do you make all your gestures gracefully? What constitutes grace of movement?



Fig. 15.

LESSON XXVIII.

PROJECTING THE VOICE. THE CLENCHED HAND.

201. Repeat Article 197.

202. Practice on the words, "Over the boat." (Bring the boat over the river). Imagine yourself by the side of a stream and desiring to get across. On the other side is a man with a boat. At first let the stream be narrow—the width of the school room. Then gradually increase the distance till you shout across a river half-a-mile wide. Let the purpose be to throw the voice directly to the point aimed at, as definitely as you would fire a bullet. Loudness is not desirable so much as reaching power—the penetrative voice. It is this power which enables one to make himself heard in a large room or by a large audience out of doors. Use Pure Tone. Open the mouth round. Throw the tone forward. You may add to the value as well as interest in the exercise, by varying the expression from request to entreaty, command, etc.

203. The **Clenched Hand** expresses, **primarily, force**. It is not admitted in calm conversation. Passion and especially strong will make use of it. The

orator enforces his strongest conviction by the clenched hand. This position of the hand is limited to two directions—the *horizontal front* which is *antagonistic*, and the *vertical downward* which expresses *conviction* and *will*.

204. Practice on the following. Let the gestures be slow and firm. A quick movement in gesture is weak. Great bodies move slowly. Let the hand come to the front before beginning the gesture. *The front is the starting point for all graceful gesture.* Never move the hand out in a straight line from the side. *The skillful hand almost always moves in curves.* The clenched hand is an exception to this, but it should not be clenched until the “stroke” of the gesture.



Fig. 16.

a. Antagonistic:—

I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied.

Rt. Front. Hor. Cl.

—*Murmion*.—*Scott*.

b. Conviction:—

We must fight! I repeat it, Sir: We must fight!
Rt. Fr. Down, Cl.

c. Conviction and Will:—

I know not what course others may take, but, as for
 me, give me liberty or give me death!
Both Fr. Down Cl.

—*Patrick Henry.*

It is not to be understood that the gestures indicated in the examples given are the only ones that should be used. In the examples in this lesson from Scott's *Marmion* and Patrick Henry's speech, the context would be full of action.

205. Repeat Article 199.

Suggestive questions. Should a man, or a woman, use Clenched hand the more? Should Supine hand be used at all in Art. 204, *a*? If so, on what words? What movement of the hand to indicate the change from far to near? What is the feeling in *b*? Would patriotism or anger most become the words in *b* and *c*? What Quality in *a*, *b*, *c*?

LESSON XXIX.

AN INTERROGATION EXERCISE. THE PRONE HAND.

206. Repeat Article 202.

207. Practice on the words, "Will you close the door?"

- a.* Ask the question as if you expected an answer.
- b.* Ask it as if you expected it done and not answered.
- c.* Ask it with authority.
- d.* Ask it as a favor.
- e.* Speak it as a command.
- f.* As emphasizing a command which was disobeyed.
- g.* Command it in a threatening tone.
- h.* Speak it as a helpless person entreating for mercy.
- i.* As a challenge, threatening the person if he does close it.
- j.* Speak it fawningly.

Which of these do you think best for home use?

208. **The primary meaning of the Prone Hand is repression or covering.** It is the reverse of the Supine hand, the palm is turned down. It has a great variety of uses, but all related to this *primary meaning*. The idea of the snow spread upon the earth contains also the idea of a covering. The idea of peace, quiet or stillness contains at the same time the



Fig. 17.

suppression of noise or movement and may be expressed by the Prone Hand. There is a gradual *shading* of this position into that of Averse Hand, as we would repress an action or thought which is disagreeable. As our emotions shade into one another, so our action combines different expressions. *Surprise* frequently combines somewhat of the disagreeable with an impulse to suppress it, so the hand expresses it by a position between Averse and Prone. Surprise, it is true, is often pleasing, but the pleasure follows the first impulse.

209. Practice the following as indicated:

a. Covering.

Under the sod and the dew,
Both Hands Prone Obl. Lower.

Waiting the judgment day;

Under the one the Blue;

Under the other the Gray:

—*H. M. Finch.*

b. Repression.

And soldiers whisper: "Boys, be still;
Left. Fr. Hor. Prone.

There's some bad news from Grainger's folks."

—*Ethel Lynn.*

210. Combine the different gestures indicated in the following:

On Linden when the sun was low,
Rt. Hor. Fr. Supine.

All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
Both Hor. Prone Fr. to Obl.

And dark as winter was the flow
Rt. Lower Fr. Av.

Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

Tracing the course of the river.

—*Hohentinden—Campbell.*

211. Let the gestures be slow and glide from one to the other gracefully. Avoid stiffness. The first line receives a gesture of direction, the second contains the idea of the ground being covered all over with new-fallen snow. Both of these are pleasing. The *dark* river has a forbidding aspect expressed by the partly Averse hand and yet partly Prone, as if repressing the dreadful scene that is to follow in the next stanza. Curiosity is thus awakened by the suggestion. The gesture in the fourth line is descriptive, beginning with Prone and changing gradually, as the hand moves from left to right, into Supine. Locate the river as flowing across the scene so as to make the picture complete. Arrange it definitely in your mind as an artist who must paint it, then make your spectators see it. You must see it yourself or they will not.

212. Repeat Article 204.

Suggestive questions: In Art. 207 could any of those ideas be better expressed by the aid of a gesture? What sentiment prevails in Art. 209, *a*? Should the gesture be more gentle than in ordinary business? Can you bring the hands to that position without turning any angles? Do you avoid the appearance of stiffness in the hand? In Art. 209, *b*, do you change the tone at once when you leave the words of the narrator to give the words of the soldiers?

LESSON XXX.

AN EXERCISE ON "HURRAH!" THE REFLEX HAND.

213. Repeat Article 207.

214. Practice on the word, "Hurrah!"

- a. Speak it in the ordinary manner.
- b. As an expression of pleasant surprise.
- c. Expressing joy at good news, as the announcement of a holiday.
- d. As a signal for a frolic, for all to join.
- e. As a cheer for the victor in a game.
- f. As exulting over another's defeat.
- g. As cheering a noble sentiment or action—a rousing cheer.



Fig. 18.

215. *The Reflex Hand*
has the fingers bent up, as if holding something in the

hollow of it. It is only imitative and not much used. It may express giving, receiving, or holding.

216. Practice the following with gesture as indicated.

a. Holding:—

I hold in my hand a quantity of sand from the bottom
Left. Fr. Lower Ref.
 of the sea, which viewed with a microscope becomes a
 handful of pearls and shells of rare beauty.

b. Begging:—

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh, give relief, and heaven will bless your store.
Fr. Hor. Ref.

217. Supplementary to the subject of the hand in gesture is the question, what to do with the hands when before an audience and not gesturing. Young speakers frequently find their hands to be in the way so that they feel awkward. Shall we keep them down at the side all the time? No, except the time be short. That is the normal position, but, long continued, would be wearisome to the audience as well as to the speaker. A dignified, graceful position, strong but not stiff, should be cultivated. One hand or both behind the back for a change is allowable; also one hand with the thumb resting in the watch chain, or one hand in the bosom of the coat when it is buttoned, but not in the pockets or fumbling the chain. Go before a glass, see what positions of the hands are becoming, then by force of will keep them in those positions without too frequent

changes. When the habit is formed they will cease to feel awkward.

218. Repeat Article 210.

Suggestive questions. If you used a gesture on Art. 214, *g*, what direction should it take and what position of the hand? Can you speak Art. 216, *a*, as if it were real and your own thought, or do you give it a little as if you were declaiming it? What Stress and Movement in Art. 216, *b*? Can you stand and speak to the class with erect position, the hands where you want them, and yet feel easy, not stiff .

LESSON XXXI.

AN INTERROGATION EXERCISE. THE ARM.

219. Repeat Article 214.

220. Practice on the words, "Will you come in?"

Aim to make this practice truly represent different situations and different people. If we could hear the reception of canvassers and intimates, beggars and dignitaries, at the doors of the lofty and the lowly, we should notice many more varieties of sentiment than are here given.

a. Say "Will you come in?" interrogatively.

b. Inviting to come in.

c. Inviting to stay out.

d. Cordially.

e. Coolly.

f. Happily surprised. (I am delighted to see you.)

g. Dreadfully surprised. (I was afraid you'd come.)

h. To a little child.

i. To a venerable man.

221. You have doubtless noticed that some gestures need a fuller sweep of the arm than others. **Unimpassioned conversation uses chiefly the Fore-arm;** there is not much movement of the arm at the shoulder. **Bold, passionate thought, and that which is highly oratorical requires free Full-**

arm gestures. (See Figs. 16, 17, 20, 21.) The larger the audience and the greater the theme, the fuller the sweep of the arm in gesture.

Two extremes must be avoided—the cramping of the arm that makes it angular, and the extension of the arm that makes it appear stretched.

222. Conversational practice—Fore Arm:



Fig. 19. Forearm Gesture.

Hamlet. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guildestern. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I have no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music.

—*Shakespeare.*

223. Oratorical—Full Arm.

My manors, bowers and halls, shall still
Rt. F. Hor. Sup. Rt. Ob. Hor. Sup. Rt. Hor. Lat. Sup. Both Lat.

Be open at my sovereign's will—
Low. Sup.

My castles are my king's alone,
Rt. F. Hor. Sup.

From turret to foundation stone.
Rt. U. Ob. Ind. Rt. Lower Ob. Sup.

—*Scott.*

224. Repeat Article 216.

Suggestive questions: Would it be advantageous to use a gesture on any of the exercises of Art. 220? If

so, should it be forearm or full-arm gesture? Should the gestures in Art. 222 be on the more emphatic or less emphatic portion? Which requires the lower position of *Supine* hand, inviting or protesting? Would you use any imitative gesture on the last sentence of Art. 222? Can you make the transition smoothly from one gesture to another in Art. 223?

LESSON XXXII.

**AN EXERCISE IN COMMAND. POSITIONS OF
THE FEET.**

225. Repeat Article 220.

226. Practice on:—

Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!

Orotund Quality:—

- a.* Subdued Force.
- b.* Moderate Force.
- c.* Energetic Force.
- d.* Impassioned Force.
- e.* Rapid Movement.
- f.* Moderate Movement.
- g.* Slow Movement.

Which Force and Movement best represent the command to an army?

227. The feet of a speaker should ordinarily occupy the First or Second Position (see Art. 8), but four other positions are sometimes used in very animated discourse and the higher flights of thought.

In the Third Position the right foot is advanced a little more than in the First Position, the weight of the body is thrown on the advanced foot, and the heel of



Third Position of the Feet

Fig. 20.

Bk. 99.



Fifth Position of Feet.

Fig. 21.

the left foot is slightly raised. The Fourth Position is similar to this with the left foot advanced.

The Fifth Position differs from the First only in having the right foot farther advanced, and with it the right knee is bent. The Sixth Position advances the left foot similarly. These two are used only in strong passion or highly dramatic action.

228. The speaker should be free to change his position but should avoid too frequent moving about, which indicates nervousness. A few steps advance direct or in a diagonal as one takes up a new phase of thought or rises to the stronger argument adds life and energy to his discourse. A retiring movement in concession or after the close of a paragraph is frequently a relief if formalism or sameness be avoided. The occasion and the character of the discourse determine the amount of action required.

229. Practice the following from Rienzi's Address:—

Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!

Advance, Both Hor. Ob. Sup. 3d P. Repeat gesture.

Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl

Rt. Ob. Hor. Sup.

To see them die! Have ye daughters fair? Look

Rt. F. D. Sup.

Both Low. Ob. Sup. 5th P. (Fig 21.)

To see them live, torn from your arms, distained.

L. Hor. Ob. Av.

L. Low. Ob. Av.

Dishonored! and, if ye dare call for justice.

L. D. Lat. Av.

Rt. Hor. F. Sup.

Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome

Rt. D. F. Sup.

Retire.

That sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne

Of beauty ruled the world.

Both Hor. Lat. Sup.

—*Mitford*.

Suggestive questions: What gestures should be used in giving Art. 226 as a command to an army? Is the object of action to express thought, or to attract attention to the gesture? Can you so enter into the spirit of Art. 229 that you hold the attention of the hearers on the thought and that they shall not think of you? You can see by their looks if you do. What position of the feet on the first line of Art. 229? How long shall you continue that position?

LESSON XXXIII.

A RECITATION EXERCISE. THE TRUNK.

231. Repeat Article 226.

232. Practice on the following:

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small:
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—*The Ancient Mariner—Coleridge.*

Give it, *a.* Solemnly, very slow.

b. Sternly, Moderate Movement.

c. Meditatively, Slow Movement.

d. Reproachfully, Slow Movement.

e. Kindly, Moderate Movement.

f. As it should be; name the elements used.

233. The Positions of the Trunk or Body are four: Composed, Forward, Backward and Wavering.

The Composed or erect position is used in all ordinary speaking. (Figs. 2, 13.)

The Forward Position indicates animated, progressive thought or motion. (Figs. 20, 21.)

The Backward Position is the counterpart of Forward Position. If the forward action is aggressive, the same with backward position would be defensive. If the forward is friendly, the backward is reserved.

If one gives, the other withholds. The former is hopeful and bouyant, the latter is conservative. One achieves, the other withstands.

The Wavering Position indicates embarrassment—a lack of self-possession. It is frequently illustrated when a boy makes his first speech. The remedy for it is practice.

234. The body should front the audience squarely. Turning edgewise to the person addressed indicates disfavor. (See Fig. 14.) Even in description, as a rule, one should not turn farther than sidewise to the audience.

235 Examples for practice.

Composed.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

—*Joaquin Miller*

236. *Forward.*

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.
I see him, I see him: he's plunged in the tide,
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.

—*William J. Hopkin*

237. *Backward.*

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. —*King Lear—Shakespeare.*

238. Repeat Article 229.

Suggestive questions: What position of the feet suits the Composed Attitude? The Forward Attitude? Will gestures aid any in Art. 232? Do not use them unless they help. Who is represented as speaking in Art. 236? How do the body and voice express the sentiment of admiration in Art. 236? Shall the gestures be graceful in Art. 237? What is Lear's state of mind? Should there be much action in his speech?

LESSON XXXIV.

A RECITATION EXERCISE. THE HEAD.

239. Repeat Article 232.

240. Vocal Practice:—

Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves?
Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of
the air and to the beasts of the field.

—*I. Sam, 17: 43, 44.*

Speak it in, *a.* Pure Tone, Expulsive Form.

b. Orotund, High Pitch.

c. Aspirated, Explosive.

d. Pectoral, High.

e. Pectoral, Medium Pitch, Rapid.

f. Pectoral, Medium Pitch, Slow.

g. As it should be.

241. The Position of the Head is very significant of character and sentiment, every slight change conveying a different impression. The varieties thus possible to the speaker are almost unlimited. It is well to classify a few of these.

242. Before an audience the normal position of the head should be well up and erect, a position of strength to command, and grace to be at ease (See Fig. 2).

243. When reading aloud the position of the head should be the same as when speaking without a book, then bring the book up and out from the body to the point

of view which suits the eye.

244. Pupils are apt to get a habit of carrying the head too far forward. This, as well as cramped chest with rounded and drooping shoulders, needs to be guarded against by those who are much occupied at the desk.

245. Recite the following with the head in a conversational position; then bring the head upward and back just a little to the oratorical position and notice the difference in expression.



Fig. 22

And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of Liberty.—*Edward Everett.*

246. Repeat Articles 235–237.

Suggestive questions. What are the proper elements of voice in Art. 240? How does one hold his head when he is very weary? In oral reading and silent reading should one ordinarily hold his head the same? In pleasant conversation should one hold his head in a fixed position or should it move freely? In the quotation in Art. 245 would it be well to increase the force gradually as one proceeds from the beginning to the end?

LESSON XXXV.

A RECITATION EXERCISE. THE HEAD.

247. Repeat Article 240.

248. Vocal Practice:



Fig. 23.

Words learned by rote a parrot may
rehearse;
But talking is not always to con-
verse;
Not more distinct from harmony
divine,
The constant creaking of a country
sign.
—*Cowper.*

Speak it in the tone that will
most impress it on the mind of
the hearer, in the tone that
would give instruction in the
most agreeable form. Make the tone pure and gentle,
yet forceful. Speak it slowly with Effusive Form.

249. The head is poised easily
erect in normal thought. The head
is inclined,—

- a. Forward in thoughtfulness
(see Fig. 23).
- b. Forward and downward in
care.
- c. Forward with the neck droop-
ing in sadness.
- d. Forward with the chin curbed in sullenness (Fig. 24).
- e. With the face upward in happiness (Fig. 25).



Fig. 24.

- f.* Backward with the neck firm in pride.
- g.* Backward with the chin curbed in haughtiness.
- h.* Backward with the neck relaxed in carelessness.
- i.* Sidewise in questioning with one's self (Fig. 26).

250. Will expresses itself in the rigidity of the neck and curbing of the chin. Haughtiness and obstinacy both include a large degree of will, the one combining a sentiment of victory, the other of defeat. A lack of will, on the contrary, expresses itself in a limp neck and a protruding chin (Fig. 18.)

251. The carriage of the head thus becomes a very prominent indicator of character. By correcting it, faults in the line indicated above may be overcome, while indulging in the expression of any characteristic tends to confirm the character in that direction. You can also see that if you have allowed any wrong sentiment to predominate, you should criticise yourself studiously, for otherwise it is possible for all men to read that fault in you. As



Fig. 25.

a practical hint: a good situation often turns upon the way the applicant holds his head.

252. Apply the above suggestions to practice on the following:—

a. Thoughtful:—

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.—*Shakespeare.*

b. Careless:—

On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined.—*Byron.*

c. Grumbling:—

Lady Teasle, Lady Teasle, I'll not bear it!

d. Teasing:—

Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not as you please. I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too.—*Sheridan.*

e. Sad, Questioning:—



Fig. 26.

To be or not to be,
that is the question.
—*Shakespeare.*

253. Repeat
Article 245.

Suggestive questions. What quality, Stress and Inflection would be used to make Art. 248 a personal satire? How does a lazy man hold his head? The energetic business man?

The dreamy sentimentalist? The generous, noble-hearted

man? The pouting boy? The arrogant one? What Stress in Art. 252, *a*? What Pitch in Art. 252, *b*? What Quality in Art. 252, *c*? What Movement in Art. 252, *d*?

LESSON XXXVI.

A RECITATION EXERCISE. THE COUNTENANCE.

254. Repeat Article 248.

255. Vocal Practice:—

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves
lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

—*Bryant.*

Put sadness and melancholy into the voice. Each succeeding phrase expresses a change in the sentiment; let the voice bring out the wailing of the wind, the serenity of the meadows, the rustling of the leaves. The poet has chosen very fitting words to represent these ideas. Picture in your mind the situation and add to the poet's art the expressiveness of voice.

256. Facial expression is the most potent of all action. But while it is the most potent it is the most difficult to direct arbitrarily. The eye has been called the window of the soul, and we all know how difficult it is to prevent the soul's real sentiment from showing itself in the face. Emerson says, "An eye can threaten like a loaded and leveled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or in its altered mood, by beams of kind-

ness, it can make the heart dance with joy." And it is not our province to counteract that expressive nature, but to cultivate and to control it. We should not aim to make the face a blank or a falsehood, but to so direct our minds that we shall feel the sentiment that we wish and then express it in all its fullness by a truth-telling countenance. The whole study of elocution is largely a study in soul-culture. To make the voice or the action express happy, noble or refined sentiments we must experience and cherish those sentiments.

257. The Eye is ordinarily free and flexible in its position, though not vacillating (Fig. 27). A fixed position of the eye, or stare, denotes abnormal thought. In abstraction and subjective thought the eyes have a blank look (Fig. 23). If you attract the attention of a person thus occupied to some external object of interest you may notice the marked contrast as the eye lights up (Fig. 27). What we see in imagination affects the eye in much the same way as realities. This is especially true of children; older people restrain the expressiveness of the features, and often this is persisted in until they lose their power of



Fig. 27.

expression so that imagination fails to kindle any light in the countenance.

258. Practice the following, applying the above principles:—

- a.* Hi! Harry Holly! Halt—and tell
A fellow just a thing or two.

—*Ethel Lynn.*

- b.* I would die together, and not my mind often,
and my body once.

—*Baron.*

- c.* Do not look upon me; lest with this piteous
action you convert my stern effects.

—*Hamlet to the Ghost.*

259. Repeat Article 252.

Suggestive questions. What elements of voice express melancholy? What Inflection to represent the wailing wind? Can you say the word, wailing, in such a way as to imitate the sound of the wind? Can you tell by the looks of a person's eyes whether he is looking at something on the window pane or at something in the distance? When one has his eyes on a book can you tell whether he is reading and perceiving the thoughts of the book or thinking on some other matter—a vision of his own mind?

LESSON XXXVII

A RECITATION EXERCISE. THE COUNTENANCE

260. Repeat Article 255.

261. Vocal Practice:—

Hark! Hark!—The horrid sound
Has raised up his head!
As awaked from the dead.
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge! Revenge! Timotheus
cries—
See the furies arise!
—*Alexander's Feast—Dryden.*

262. The Brow is knit in perplexity or concentration of thought (Fig. 28). It is raised in admiration or wonder (Fig. 29).



Fig. 28.

It is lowered in contempt (Fig. 24) or anger. Sorrow or pity furrows the brow (Fig. 30). Some people have a habit of wearing a frown, others of knitting the brow severely—in fact, all these states of mind are indulged until they become habitual with different persons. Every young person should study the expression of the countenance until he can criticise himself and avoid having his



Fig. 29



Fig. 30.

face written over with faults in temper.

263. The Mouth, or lips firmly set (Fig. 28) indicate positiveness, and lax or drooping (Fig. 25) indicate light-heartedness or vacancy of mind. Despondency, pouting and anger all show themselves in the appearance of the mouth, so that we say

one is "down in the mouth," "his lips curl" or "quiver." Also we say "there is a smile on the lips," or "the lips are saucy."

264. Every feature does its part in telling the condition or the character of the soul. The cheeks blush with modesty or shame and blanch with fear. The nostrils dilate with courage or generosity, and contract with meanness or stinginess. Delicacy, or hardness, patience or peevishness, kindness or churlishness, culture or crudeness, sweetness or sourness, breadth, depth or littleness, fashion the faces of the men and women and even the children that make up this multitudinous and ever-varying humanity. *The expression of human thought and feeling combines harmoniously all the elements of voice and action.*

265. Practice the following in accord with the above principles:—

“I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—Oh! break my father’s chain!”

“Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day.”

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek’s hue came and went,

A lowly knee he bent to earth, his father’s hand he took—

He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!

“Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father’s hand to kiss?

Into these glassy eyes put light;—be still! keep down thine ire!”

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell;—upon the silent face

He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place.—*Extract from Bernardo del Carpio, by Mrs. Hemans.*

266. Repeat Article 258.

Suggestive questions. What difference of Quality before and after the dash in the first verse of Art. 261? What Quality, Force and Stress in, “Revenge!”? Do you meet some strangers to whom you are free to speak, and others with whom you will not start conversation unless you must? Why? Can you sometimes tell by the looks of a mate when he is planning mischief? Can you see when he has something good to tell you? How many speakers are represented in Art. 265? (Bernardo begs the release of his father. The king grants it, but first has the father killed.)

PART THIRD.

Selections for Analysis and Practice.

LESSON XXXVIII.

ANALYSIS AND INDUCTIVE STUDY.

267. We now have the elementary principles of expression. We have pursued the theory through its elements. It may be continued further with finer distinctions, more precise analysis, and more specific application; but more than all these we need to put into practice what we have learned. By studious drill we must combine these elements of voice and action harmoniously to express thought. We have acquired the vocabulary and the principles of its use, so we are ready to begin a study which has no end.

268. The first thing in taking up an unfamiliar passage to read is to discover what *Style of Composition* it is. This may be done in an instant by the trained reader. The voice from the beginning should then be adapted to the style. For our study we may name a few of the more widely distinguished varieties:—

a. Conversational.

b. Narrative.

c. Descriptive.

d. Didactic.

e. Argumentative.

f. Oratorical.

<i>g.</i> Noble.	<i>k.</i> Humorous.
<i>h.</i> Stately.	<i>l.</i> Joyous.
<i>i.</i> Grave.	<i>m.</i> Light.
<i>j.</i> Pathetic.	<i>n.</i> Dialectic.

269. THE OPEN WINDOW.

The old house by the lindens	1
Stood silent in the shade,	
And on the gravelled pathway	
The light and shadow played.	
I saw the nursery windows	5
Wide open to the air;	
But the faces of the children,	
They were no longer there.	
The large Newfoundland house-dog	9
Was standing by the door;	
He looked for his little playmates,	
Who would return no more.	

Concluded in next lesson.

270. This is Descriptive composition, peaceful, with a tinge of sadness in the sentiment. Decide in your mind who is represented as speaking—man or woman, old or young.

To whom does it seem to be addressed—to anyone in particular, to an audience, or is the speaker's attention all taken up with the scene? What do you judge of the character of the speaker as to kindness, sympathy, &c.? Memorize the three stanzas. Speak them now as your own words. Did you use any of the sing-song—sameness of inflection? Where were your eyes—did you see the objects of which you spoke? How far

away? Were you close to the house, at the roadside, or in the distance? Was the attitude of your body easy, quiet and interested? Was the tone Pure, and the Form Effusive? What Inflection on "lindens?" It should be slightly Rising—just the same as if those words were written in prose, but there should be a pause at the end of each line to bring out the poetry. In the fourth line, which word is more emphatic, "shadow" or "played?" In the twelfth line, "would" or "return?" Would a gesture help on the second line? It is a pleasant scene, what Position of the hand is wanted? What Direction? There are two or more "nursery windows," what Position of the hand will best designate them? How can you express the disappointment at not seeing the "children there?" The voice and the hand will both show it.

Drill over it again and again, applying each suggestion till you have made it a real scene. Always give it with the expression of voice and action all as it should be, as nearly as possible. When you have decided on a gesture, use it every time in its place.

LESSON XXXIX.

ANALYSIS AND INDUCTIVE STUDY.

THE OPEN WINDOW, Concluded.

271. They walked not under the lindens, 13
 They played not in the hall;
 But shadow, and silence, and sadness
 Were hanging over all.
- The birds sang in the branches, 17
 With sweet familiar tone;
 But the voices of the children
 Will be heard in dreams alone.
- And the boy that walked beside me, 21
 He could not understand
 Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
 I pressed his warm, soft hand!

H. W. Longfellow.

272. Decide in your mind a definite location for each part of the scene. All the action will be slow and graceful to bring out the tenderness of the sentiment. Where are the "lindens"—between you and the "hall"? Did you see each place when you mentioned it? How does the voice express the sentiment indicated in the word shadow? You will observe that those words indicate primarily sentiment, for it would be just as shady if the children were there though it would not seem so to the speaker whose happiness, or sunshine, depended, on their presence. What difference in the voice to express "shadow" and "silence"? Of the three words in the

series, "shadow" requires the Lowest Pitch and the nearest Orotund Quality, while "sadness" requires Falling Inflection. The same line might be aided by a slight gesture, of the left hand, Lower, between Prone and Averse. The first part of the fifth stanza is a beautiful, happy thought, and the pathos of the last part is the stronger for the contrast. What gesture might be used on the first part of the stanza? If it is a gesture to designate the location, what word should it culminate upon? In this gesture did you preserve the location that you had decided upon for the "lindens"? Since the thought is pleasing, what position of the hand should be used? What difference between the first and last part of the stanza as to the prevailing inflection? The last stanza leaves the picture and is addressed directly to the hearer. Does it seem to be addressed to one who would sympathize with the speaker—to one who will "understand"? What do you think had become of the children? What do you think was the relation of the speaker to the children—brother, parent, friend or stranger? What is your opinion of this poem? Is it true to life? Is it better in what it says or what it suggests—would it be better if it told what his feelings were instead of suggesting them in the last stanza?

LESSON XL.

ANALYSIS AND INDUCTIVE STUDY.

273. HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low, 1
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight, 5
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, 9
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven, 13
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

Concluded in next lesson.

274. What style of composition is this? (Art. 238.) What sentiment in the first stanza? Note the difference between the first and second stanza as to sentiment. The beautiful scene in the first with only a suggestion as to the carnage that shall follow makes the battle all the more vivid by the contrast when it comes. Let the delivery be in harmony with this effort of the poet. Picture to yourself a winter scene with its hills,

woods, river and fresh-fallen snow. Would a gesture on the second line help to picture the snow all smoothly spread? Do not make the gestures too close to you, thus making the scene too small. Shall the culmination of the gesture be a fixed point or moving, as over a surface? Let the movement be outward from the front as a center. Nearly all graceful gestures start from the front as a center. Let the voice be Effusive on the first stanza. Did you emphasize "when" in the first line or "was" in the third? You should not. Never sacrifice sense to meter. Why is the river said to be dark? Is winter darker than summer? Let the hand, Prone, trace the course of the river throughout the fourth line. Did you make it run up hill? Did you look at the river or your hand while you said it? Locate everything precisely and consistently as an artist would, and *see it*. On commencing the second stanza, what change in all the Elements of Voice? Did your voice sound like a "drum beat"? What different sentiment would it arouse at "dead of night" and in day time? What were the "fires of death"? Locate them with the hand. Supine or Prone? Are they pleasing or not? See the light flashing on the undulating tree tops. Will a gesture aid that idea? Final Stress in the third stanza. Increase of Force. Say "rushed" so as to mean it. Also, "battle", "driven", "shook", "thunder", "riven". What vividness is gained by the poet's

assigning the sound (loudness) to the flash which attracts the eye! Do you personate an actor in this scene, or a spectator? Is your countenance and whole body alert when you give it, as it would be if you witnessed the real scene? Designate the artillery by the Prone hand, and indicate the "flash" by suddenly raising the hand from the wrist, giving it the Averse position.

LESSON XLI.

ANALYSIS AND INDUCTIVE STUDY.

HOHENLINDEN, Concluded.

275. But redder yet those fires shall glow, 17
 On Linden's hills of stained snow;
 And darker yet shall be the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.
- 'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun 21
 Can pierce the war clouds rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.
- The combat deepens. On, ye brave, 25
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!
- Ah! few shall part where many meet! 29
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.

276. Where is the sun? In front, oblique, or lateral, as you face the battle field? What is meant by "war clouds"? What Form and Stress in "furious Frank"? Meaning of "Frank" and "Hun"? Do the adjectives indicate their national characteristics? It may seem as if the last question has nothing to do with elocutionary expression, but this is a historic poem and we need to remember that the true interpreter of thought must appreciate its relation to other things in order to

give it its fullness of meaning. For this reason the reader should know the history of this battle. What gesture on "sun"? With the Prone hand, the upward "rolling" of the smoke could be designated. What change in voice to express, "The combat deepens"? Enter into the spirit of it as a spectator who would cheer them on in the words, "On, ye brave." Suit a gesture to that idea including encouragement, advance, and great energy. "On" is the imperative word and should receive the gesture. Let the body incline forward and join in the action. Avoid any tendency to turn the body sidewise to the scene; face it squarely. Let the countenance—the eye, the brow and the lips be all alive to the desperate culmination of the battle. (Arts. 257, 262, 263.) Try a Front, Supine, upward gesture, and voice climacteric throughout the line. Withdraw the hand to position before the next line, on which a gesture of both hands Horizontal Supine may be used. Is the emphatic word, "charge", or "chivalry"? What Quality, Stress and Form do you give to "charge"? About how many people is it addressed to? Would you modify the voice from the fact that the din of battle was raging? Would you aim to make beauty and grace, or power and energy most prominent in this stanza?

Now an entire change in the expression is needed before commencing the last stanza. What prevailing sentiment takes possession of the speaker? The energy

is gone. That little word, "Ah", should tell the whole tale of sadness and horror. Interjections give expression to feeling when feeling overpowers thought. Suit the gestures to the succeeding thoughts. Do not let the body become at once composed.

LESSON XLII.

ANALYSIS AND INDUCTIVE STUDY.

277. THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
 In the harbor of Mahon;
 A dead calm rested on the bay,—
 The waves to sleep had gone;
 When little Hal, the captain's son,
 A lad both brave and good,
 In sport, up mast and rigging ran,
 And on the main truck stood.

 A shudder shot through every vein,—
 All eyes were turned on high!
 There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
 Between the sea and sky;
 No hold had he above, below,
 Alone he stood in air;
 To that far height none dared to go,—
 No aid could reach him there.

Continued in the next lesson.

278. What style of composition? (Art. 268.)
 What sentiment in the first part? To one who had
 observed this scene would it be visible in imagination
 as he related it? So shall it be to you. Conceive defi-
 nite ideas of it at each successive step. What sort of
 a vessel do you think "Old Ironsides" was—large or
 small? A pleasure boat, a freight carrier, a passenger
 vessel or a war ship? Suit the voice to that idea.
 What beauty is suggested in the quiet water scene!

No wonder a boy would play about the ship. What position of the hand in a gesture to indicate a "dead calm"? (Art. 208.) Were there any waves when they had "gone to sleep"? Can you show by your countenance your admiration of "little Hal"? Can you indicate the ascent with the Supine hand, changing it to Index as you reach the top of the mast? At what point does the idea of danger first strike the mind? If you have felt a real admiring interest in the boy, that sense of danger is the more fearful when it comes. That "shudder" shows itself in your voice and every feature. The hands at once assume the half-Averse position. The whole expression from that point through the stanza is one of horror and questioning what to do. At the same time one would watch the boy's every move. Note in what elements the voice is changed from what it was in the first part. The Quality is changed from Pure to slightly Aspirated, the Pitch is lower, the Force is subdued as if fearing to distract the boy and cause him to fall. Action? Yes, or rather the repression of action. The hearer feels when the soul is stirred, even though the speaker suppress his emotion. To read that stanza with the soul unmoved is to make the reading belie the words, for all humanity is aroused with sympathy for a child in danger. Let the scene portrayed occupy your whole mind and let not present surroundings confuse the clear picture in your imagination.

LESSON XLIII.

ANALYSIS AND INDUCTIVE STUDY.

279. THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Concluded.

We gazed, but not a man could speak!
 With horror all aghast—
 In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
 We watched the quivering mast.
 The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
 And of a lurid hue;—
 As riveted unto the spot,
 Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck:—he gasped,
 “O, God! thy will be done!”
 Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
 And aimed it at his son.
 “Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!
 Jump, or I fire,” he said,
 “That only chance your life can save;
 Jump, jump, boy!” He obeyed.

He sunk—he rose—he lived—he moved—
 And for the ship struck out.
 On board we hailed the lad beloved,
 With many a manly shout.
 His father drew, in silent joy,
 Those wet arms round his neck,
 And folded to his heart his boy,—
 Then fainted on the deck.

Walter Colton.

280. Is it true that such a situation takes one's breath away? The management of the pausing is one of the chief studies in this lesson. Do not let the

emotion subside, but rather increase to the climax. What made the "atmosphere thick and hot?" Have you any idea what time of day it was? Is there another reason for that expression? Ordinary language represents impressions rather than literal facts, for example, the fourth stanza of Art. 273, "Then shook the hills with thunder riven," also Psalm 114, 4. Would it add an element of hope to have the "father come on deck?" A new interest is aroused to see what he will do. When you speak the father's words shall you say them as he did, as nearly as possible? What sentiment prevails in his first statement of exclamation? What in his command? Let the words ring out in Explosive Form, almost Impassioned Force, and Final Stress. The scene indicates a man of quick decision and powerful will—a captain in fact as well as in name. Give the narrative words, "he said," and "he obeyed," in your own tone; do not project the father's tone into them. Did your eyes follow the boy in his downward course as he jumped? They would if you really saw him. With what eager suspense you would watch for him when he sunk till he rose. Almost despair, turned into hope and increased to joy as he lived and moved. Let the action be such as an interested spectator would use if the scene were real—body forward, hands half raised almost Averse as he sinks, changing to Supine and rising toward the horizontal as he rises, &c. And when he is saved there is a happy relaxation of mind and body.

LESSON XLIV.

ANALYSIS AND INDUCTIVE STUDY.

281. HAVING A CLEAN MOUTH.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain unvarnished, simple, everyday, manly truth, with a little "t". Truth with a big "T"—the vague, intangible, unmeaning Truth of a man with an "ism" and the woman with a fad—has been arrayed by her votaries in so many robes of garish hues and ever-varying colors, that Joseph in his Sunday coat, would look like a nun in mourning along side of her. Just you tell the truth.

—*Continued in the next lesson.*

282. What is the style of composition? What Elements of voice suit that style in general. Who is represented as speaking? What idea do you form of his character, age, disposition toward boys? The tone in this example, as well as the manner, must be entirely personal and yet very kindly. The speaker feels a genuine friendship for this boy. His talk has none of the apparently distant feeling which boys sometimes call "lecturing" them. Did you speak it as if you had a real interest in the boy's welfare so that "My boy" seemed like a father's words rather than the words of an owner? That same first sentence could be said in such a way as to reprove the boy for an untruth just told, but that would hardly be in keeping with the general temper of the talk. The body should not be rigidly

erect. There is more in how you say it than in what is said, to make the right impression on a boy. If there is action of the hands—and there probably would be in really free conversation—it should be not demonstrative but easy, graceful Forearm gesture; not the full large gesture of public address, not the Oblique or Lateral gesture, which would be impersonal in its object and more general in its thought, not a downward gesture of emphasis or positiveness, which would indicate authority or compulsion, while in fact anyone *can* tell untruths if he will do it. The poise of the head will need attention too. Do not yield to the feeling that the more you try, the less you succeed, in being easy and graceful. There is a grace that comes from self-forgetfulness, but it is the grace of the sleep walker, and not much safer for the speaker to rely upon. For just at the critical moment some untoward circumstance may compel his attention to what he is doing, and occasion a fall, unless his powers are trained to act at the direction of his will.

LESSON XLV.

ANALYSIS AND INDUCTIVE STUDY.

283. HAVING A CLEAN MOUTH, Continued.

For one thing it will save you so much trouble. Oh, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it, there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old task-master, Conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with it and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time, and cannot remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look around to see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to re-enforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie his wife had to tell another just like it. You see if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel along in a gang with their coequals.—*Continued in the next lesson.*

284. Notice the effect of many short sentences—making it simply conversational, vivacious, with frequent lively turns in the thought. Strive to preserve these same qualities in speaking it. Avoid the arguing tone—the tone which tries to convince him of what you are saying. Rather assume that he believes you, that he trusts every word, and use the tone and manner that would simply call to mind that which will commend itself

to his own judgment. Be the friend that would point out to him the best road with a confidence that he would choose that road himself if he knew the facts. With all the humor that the author has put into this selection it is so written as to leave a serious impression. You have heard serious things so said as to make them ridiculous, here we have the exact converse of that. Can you analyze those two cases and tell what it is in the voice and action that makes people laugh at what is meant to be serious, and how it differs from this case?

This selection will need much practice to make it life-like. The voice is modulated most frequently in the simple conversational style of speaking. The changes are slight but frequent. The Inflection is constant and varied. Emphasis must be correct, and Pauses are important. There are two common faults in speaking this kind of thought, the monotonous, in which the voice is not modulated enough, and the mechanical, in which the voice is modulated arbitrarily—without regard to the sense. The latter is sometimes called Intonation.

LESSON XLVI.

ANALYSIS AND INDUCTIVE STUDY.

285. HAVING A CLEAN MOUTH, Continued.

And then, it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. A bogus quarter is always found out in a little while. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes, you say "God knows it?" That's right; but he is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge of it is concerned, the liar does not care very much. He doesn't worry himself about what God knows—if he did, he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry the man, or boy, who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers" know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories! If he could only hear them it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

286. Now, please do not become impatient because you have this third lesson on the same selection. The only trouble is that there is not more time to give to every selection. A fortnight of persistent, energetic practice, drill and study on such a selection is the least with which you should hope to *master* it.

Which is more emphatic, "so" or "foolish?" Will it be an advantage to put a circumflex slide on "foolish?" Should "money" or "circulation" have the greater

emphasis? Let the reading bring out the comparison between, "leaden dollar," "bogus quarter" and "tell a lie." Also you can add to the effect by a slight climax (Art. 149), in speaking those three sentences. Do not use a circumflex on "God knows it." That would be suggesting that the boy is a scoffer, which is not in harmony with the general character that is given him. It is assumed that he is more noble than that, even if it be only assumed. How do you bring out the contrast between what "doesn't worry" and "does worry" the liar? More, or less force on "but she won't say so?" What reason is implied why she won't say so, since the others tell it among themselves? In the expression, "and—dear! dear!" do not emphasize "and." Very few pupils can read right up to a dash as if there were no dash there, but the very purpose of the dash is to indicate an unpremeditated break in the speech. What feeling should be expressed by the interjection, "dear! dear!"? Petulance? Chagrin? Exultation? Sorrow? Dread, or something else? Can you suit a gesture to the exclamation that will help to express the feeling? A very slight turning away of the head together with Averse hand may sometimes be used even in conversation to express a disagreeable thought.

LESSON XLVII.

287. THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there!
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then, from his mansion in the Sun,
 She called her eagle bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand,
 The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
 And see the lightning lances driven
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
 Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle-stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

— *Continued in the next lesson.*

288. Style of composition? Prevailing sentiment? Much emotion, or little? What general difference between the first and second stanzas? As a rule, the voice at the beginning of every speech should be keyed near to the common sentiment of the audience. Unless

something has already raised their thoughts above the commonplace the speaker should commence in an unimpassioned tone. It may be dignified, it may be strong, it may be energetic or joyous, but it should not be far above the general sentiment of the hearers lest they be taken by surprise and fail to follow the thought. As when, without any apparent cause of alarm, a speaker starts with a torrent of passion, the people wonder what has happened to him that he should take on so, and fail to enter into the spirit of what he is saying. And if he once runs away from them it is not so easy again to get command of their minds. The occasion may have already stirred all hearts with emotion, in which case the speaker will be in no danger of overreaching them. For the reasons just stated, no gesture will probably be wanted on the first two lines of this selection. Freedom is here personified as a majestic woman, and the leading idea is, where she got the design and the colors for the flag. For this reason the gesture on the third line should not be imitative of the "tearing" nor of placing the stars on the flag, but rather a simple gesture of direction to the broad expanse of blue sky, the scattered stars, the Milky Way, and the morning glow, successive. Do not put the first gesture too high. We do not ordinarily see the sky directly overhead. Study each point in the picture and let the expression increase in loftiness to the full sublime in the second stanza.

LESSON XLVIII.

289. THE AMERICAN FLAG, Continued.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high!
 When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on,
 Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
 And when the cannon mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabers rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given,
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us?

With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And Freedom's banner floating o'er us.

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

290. In the apostrophe to the flag, face directly toward it. If you locate it obliquely to yourself and the audience you can face toward it when you address it, without turning too far away from the audience. Incidentally it may be mentioned here that we should never turn the back to our audience, nor turn the body further away from it than to the lateral. The flag should be located slightly above the horizontal to fit the sentiment as well as the thought. Hear the "signal-trumpet tone". See the "long line". What is it that is "gleaming"? Thorough Stress, changing to Final on the fifth line of the stanza. Explosive Form. Medium Pitch, changing to Low on "the cannon mouthings". Here is a magnificent scene calling forth all the powers of expression—voice, body, eyes and hands. Where is the climax? Imitative gesture may be used to advantage here, on "heave in wild wreaths" and "gory sabers rise and fall". Do not change the point of view: personate a spectator throughout the stanza. Make an extended pause between the stanzas to allow a change of the scene. To this end change the position, relax the body and the voice.

Commence the next stanza more effusively. Did you articulate distinctly the second line? Give a clear,

clean-cut tone to “glitter”; a deep, stern tone to “death”. The author has chosen words which fit the sound to the sense. Let the voice bring out this character till the sweeping of the death-ridden gale and the rush of the waves can be heard. Mark the difference between a “smile” of triumph and a smile of peace. Do not let the last stanza be weaker than the preceding. It indicates one’s feelings when he has just won a victory in a battle or in a storm—a feeling of awe, exultation, patriotism—rejoicing not in himself, but in his nation that makes his triumph possible.

LESSON XLIX.

291.

LIBERTY.

Liberty, gentlemen, is a solemn thing—a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please: but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world—to govern itself.

That hour in human life is most serious, when it passes from parental control into free manhood; then must the man bind the righteous law upon himself, more strongly than father or mother ever bound it upon him. And when a people leaves the leading-strings of prescriptive authority, and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer. The tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church must be built there to intrench, to defend, and to keep the sacred heritage.

Liberty, I repeat, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this time, has regarded it as a boon—not as a bond. And there is nothing, I seriously believe, in the present crisis of human affairs, there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men's ideas so much need to be cleared up—to be advanced—to be raised to a higher standard, as this grand and terrible responsibility of freedom.

—Continued in the next lesson.

292. What style of composition? For what sort of an occasion is it suited? What is the prevailing sentiment? To whom is the speaker talking—himself, a few, or a large company? What elements of voice in general will it require? Will the gestures be descriptive, as in Lesson XL., aiding to bring out a picture, or declarative, giving force and clearness to declarations?

This is a style of delivery that is worthy of much attention, since real life affords so many occasions for using it. In all affairs where men deliberate for united action there is need of this persuasive style—in business, in politics, in religion, in public and in private life. It is argument, though not debate. It is full of noble emotion, but not impassioned. Occasions are rare in which impassioned oratory is demanded. But occasions are ever present which demand emotion to stir men's souls and cause them to act. The action in this speech should be strong rather than abundant. It should be free, graceful and dignified. It should indicate decision and earnestness rather than determination; it should be Front to Oblique in Longitude, and in the upper plane as well as the lower and downward lines. It is an appeal to men's judgment which requires mostly the Supine hand. There is definiteness in the third paragraph which may call for the Index finger. There is hope, and there are great interests at stake demanding heroism, both of which express themselves in upper-plane gestures. But more than all else there is an earnestness and loftiness of purpose which express themselves in the carriage of the body, the poise of the head and the soul-fire in the eye.

LESSON L.

293. LIBERTY, Continued.

In the universe there is no trust so awful as *moral freedom*; and all good civil freedom depends upon the use of that. But look at it. Around every human, every rational being, is drawn a circle; the space within is cleared from obstruction, or, at least, from all coercion; it is sacred to the being himself who stands there; it is secured and consecrated to his own responsibility. May I say it?—God himself does not penetrate there with any absolute, any coercive power! He compels the winds and waves to obey him; he compels animal instincts to obey him; but he does not *compel man* to obey. That sphere he leaves free; he brings influences to bear upon it; but the last, final, solemn, infinite question between right and wrong, he leaves to man himself.

Ah! instead of madly delighting in his freedom, I could imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble that such a tremendous prerogative is accorded to him. But it is accorded to him; and nothing but willing obedience can discharge that solemn trust; nothing but a heroism greater than that which fights battles, and pours out its blood upon its country's altar—the heroism of self-renunciation and self-control.

Come that liberty! I invoke it with all the ardor of the poets and orators of freedom; with Spenser and Milton, with Hampden and Sidney, with Rienzi and Dante, with Hamilton and Washington, I invoke it. Come that liberty! Come none that does not lead to that! Come the liberty that shall strike off every chain, not only of iron, and iron-law, but of painful constriction, of fear, of enslaving passion, of mad self-will; the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience!

—Orville Dewey.

294. In this selection we have a climacteric advance from beginning to end—not continuous, each paragraph

constitutes a climax, and the mind relaxes somewhat before beginning the next; but each paragraph as a whole is a step higher and stronger than the preceding. The delivery should conform to this character of the composition. Manage the breath in the long sentences so as to give them smoothness. Manage the Inflection so as to avoid sameness and yet preserve continuity of the thought. To preserve the thoughtfulness of this selection—the philosophic, compact thought, and yet give it all the energy of powerful emotion; to reiterate, to illustrate, and yet make every word add to what has gone before; and all the while to keep the emotion subject to accurate reasoning; will give scope to all the powers of the orator. You can do it. Study the author's thought till you have it clear. Criticise your every tone; prune every gesture; enter into the spirit of responsibility that the thought calls for, into sympathy with the noble land and time in which you live; and then drill, *drill*, DRILL, till you express it.

SUPPLEMENTARY SELECTIONS.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher, will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story:
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, let us knit
Hearts and hands together
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
O! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

—*James Montgomery.*

THE ORGAN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey.

I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir ; these paused for a time, and all was hushed.

The stillness, the desertion and obscurity, that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place.

“ For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father’s counsel—nothing’s heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness.”

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building ! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulcher vocal !

And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody. They soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into

music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences ! What solemn, sweeping concords ! It grows more and more dense and powerful ; it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls. The ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee ; it is rising from earth to heaven. The very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony !

—*Washington Irving.*

EACH AND ALL.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that the great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
While his files sweep round you Alpine height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on an alder bough ;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;—
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but a fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—

As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity.

Again I saw, again I heard
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole:
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

SLEEP.

The siesta is the short sleep after dinner, and fifteen minutes' worth of it is one of the best daily investments of time a busy man or woman can make. Slumber is the light sleep, varied by startling facial contortions and sudden spasmodic motions of the limbs, accompanied by compulsory silence all over the house, which is the rest of infants. Insomnia is sleeping wide awake in a state of irritable imbecility. It is the common lot of actresses and literary people who are in need of rest or advertising. A "nap" is the passing rest of a school teacher who is just far enough "gone" to appear deceitful, and wide enough awake to catch the smart boy who thinks that all things are what they seem. A "doze" is the hideous sleep of a man who goes to sleep with his eyes wide open while you are talking to him, fixing upon you a glassy stare that curdles your blood and makes you forget what you were trying to say. To "just drop off for a second" is the term applied by the offender to the act of going sound asleep in church with one's head hanging over the back of the pew, the mouth wide open, and the operator snoring like a

house afire until the deacon hits him on the head with a collection basket, or the choir rises to sing the last hymn. To jam yourself up against your father's back, crowd him out of bed twice or thrice during the night, and to lie habitually across the middle of the bed, is the "sound sleep" of boyhood. To make terrific noises with the nose all night long, while lying like a log in one position, is the "sweet sleep" of the laboring man. To punctuate one's slumber by sudden blood curdling yells in the middle of the night, is called "sleeping" by people who quaff a flagon of the New England national drink called pie for a night cap just before going to sleep. To lose sound of the voice of the person addressing you, to have the room pass in a misty blur before your eyes, and to sink into utter oblivion for about ten minutes is called "yawning" by very polite people. "To feel a little drowsy" is the term applied to his condition by the man who sleeps seven stations past the place where he wants to get off. To fold the hands upon the breast, nestle the head in the folds of a snowy pillow, straighten the shapely limbs, and arrange the figure gracefully, with lightly closed eyes to pass the night in a mist of pleasant dreams and entrancing visions, with an accompaniment of soft, regular breathing, scarce audible to people on the next block, is to sleep like a Christian, as I do.

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

THE TOWN OF "USED-TO-BE."

Grandma lives in a funny place,
The town of "Used-to-be,"
Where streets are "turnpikes," and people are "folks,
And a nice hot supper a "tea."

"Where is the town of 'Used-to-be?'"
In grandma's memory bright.
"The way?" Upstairs, to grandma's room
(The cosy one on the right).

"When can you go there?" Twilight's best,
For the dreamy glow in the grate
Lights the way to the town of "Used-to-be,"
And nobody need to wait.

Then ho, for an hour in the dear old town,
And hey, for the husking-bee,
And oh, the dancing in stiff brocade,
And ah! the trysting-tree.

And ugh! the sermons, two hours long,
And three of them, Sabbath day,
In a "meeting-house," so cold and drear,
Where the "foot stove" held its sway.

But if grandma shows you a summer scene
In a farmhouse and orchard fair.
With rows of cheeses on dairy shelves,
And bees in the clover-sweet air.

And there beyond, in the kitchen wide,
Grandma, herself, at the wheel,
Spinning, singing, a fair young bride,
You say, for you can but feel—

“What a dear, dear town of ‘Used-to-be!’”

But grandma’s voice drops low,

And she says, with a half-sad, half-sweet smile,

“’Twas all so long ago.” —*Selected.*

A THUNDER-STORM ON THE ALPS.

Clear placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distractions; once I loved
Torn ocean’s roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister’s voice reproved,
That I with stern delight should e’er have been so
moved.

All heaven and earth are still; though not in
sleep,

But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:
All heaven and earth are still: from the high
host

Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,

But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all, creator and defense.

The sky is changed! and such a change! O night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone
cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines!—a phosphoric sea!
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again, 't is black; and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way
between
Hights, which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-
hearted;

Though in their souls, which thus each other
thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage,
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then—
departed!—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years, all winters—war within themselves to
wage;

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his
way,
The mightiest of the storms has ta'en his stand!
For here, not one, but many make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing, and cast around! Of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath
forked
His lightnings—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein
lurked.

—*Lord Byron.*

THE CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

I count my treasures o'er with care,—
A little toy that baby knew—
A little sock of faded hue—
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this Christmas time,
 My little one—my all to me—
 Sat robed in white, upon my knee,
And heard the Merry Christmas chime.

“Tell me, my little golden-head,
 If Santa Claus should come to-night,
 What shall he bring my baby bright—
What treasure for my boy?” I said.

And then he named the little toy,
 While in his round and truthful eyes
 There came a look of glad surprise
That spoke his trustful, childish joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer,
 He asked the boon with baby grace,
 And toddling to the chimney place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night, as length'ning shadows crept,
 I saw the white-winged angels come
 With music to our humble home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby prayer,
 For in the morn, with glowing face,
 He toddled to the chimney place
And found the little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas tide—
 That angel host, so fair and white—
 And singing all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy—
A little lock of golden hair—
The Christmas music on the air—
A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train
And golden-head come back for me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

—*Eugene Field.*

CHARACTER AND ITS REVELATORS.

The human face and form are clothed with dignity in that the fleshly pages of to-day show forth the soul's deeds of yesterday. Experience teaches us that occupation affects the body. Calloused hands betray the artisan. The grimy face proclaims the collier. He whose garments exhale sweet odors need not tell us that he has lingered long in the fragrant garden. But the face and form are equally sensitive to the spirit's finer workings. Mental brightness makes facial illumination. Moral obliquity dulls and deadens the features. There never was a handsome idiot. There never can be a beautiful fool. But sweetness and wisdom will glorify the plainest face. Physicians tell us no intensity of disease avails for expelling dignity and majesty from a good man's countenance, nor can physical suffering destroy the sweetness and purity of a noble woman's. It is said that after his forty days in the mount Moses' face

shone. All the artists paint St. Cecilia with face uplifted, listening to celestial music, and all glowing with light, as though sunbeams falling from above had transfigured the face of the sweet singer. Those who beheld Daniel Webster during his delivery of his oration on the pilgrim fathers say that the statesman's face made them think of a transparent bronze statue brilliantly lighted from within, with the luminosity shining out through the countenance.

But the eyes are the soul's chiefest revelators. Tennyson spoke of King Arthur's eyes as "pools of purest love." But as there is sediment in the bottom of a glass of impure water, so there is mud in the bottom of a bad man's eye. Thus, in strange ways, the body tells the story of the soul. Health hangs its signals out in rosy cheeks; disease and death foretell their story in the hectic flush, even as reddening autumn leaves foretell the winter's heavy frost; anxious lines upon the mother's face betray her secret burdens; the scholar's pallor is the revelation of his life, while the closely knitted forehead of the merchant interprets the vexing problems he must solve.

Thinking of the pathetic sadness of Lincoln's face, all seamed as it was and furrowed with care and anxiety. Secretary Stanton said that the President's face was a living page, upon which the full history of the Nation's battles and victories was written. We are told that when the Waldenses could no longer sustain the ghastly cruelty of the inquisitors, they fled to the mountain fastnesses. There, worn out by suffering, the brave leader was struck with death. Coming forth from their hiding places, the fugitives

gathered around the hero's bier. Stooping, one lifted the hair from the forehead of the dead youth and said : "This boy's hair, grown thin and white through heroic toil, witnesseth his heroism. These, the marks of his fidelity." Thus, for those who have skill to read the writing, every great man's face is written all over with the literature of character. His body condenses his entire history, just as the declaration of independence is condensed into the limits of a tiny silver coin.

Calm majesty is in the face of Washington ; pathetic patience and divine dignity in that of Lincoln ; unyielding granite is in John Brown's face, though sympathy hath tempered hardness into softness ; intellect in Newton's ; pure imagination is in Keats' and Milton's ; heroic substance is in the face of Cromwell and Luther ; pathetic sorrow is found in Dante's eyes ; conscience and love shine in the face of Fenelon. Verily the body is the soul's interpreter. Like Paul, each man bears about in his body the marks, either of ignorance and sin, of fear and remorse, or the marks of heroism and virtue, of love and integrity. To the gospel of the page let us add the gospel of the face.

But let none count it a strange thing that the soul within registers its experiences in the body without. God hates secrecy and loves openness. He hath ordained that nature and man should publish their secret lives. Each seed and germ hath an instinctive tendency toward self-revelation. Every rosebud aches with a desire to unroll its petals and exhibit its scarlet secret. Not a single piece of coal but will

whisper to the microscope the full story of that far-off scene when buds and odorous boughs and blossoms were pressed together in a single piece of shining crystal. The great stone slabs with the bird's track set into the rock picture forth for us the winged creatures of the olden time.

But habits also reveal personality. First the river digs the channel, then the channel controls the river, and when the faculties by repetition have formed habits, those habits become grooves and channels for controlling the faculties. What grievous marks were in poor Coleridge. Once this scholar, called "the most myriad-minded man since Shakespeare," spent a fortnight upon an annual address. But while his audience was assembling, Coleridge left his friends and stepped out the rear door of the hall to go forth in search of his favorite drug, leaving his audience to master its disappointment as best it could.

And here is Robert Burns, bearing about in his body also the marks of his ownership. For this matchless genius was wrecked and ruined not by the wiles of him of the cloven foot, but by temptations that have been called "godlike." This glorious youth was not beguiled from the path by a desire to be a cold and calculating villain in his treatment of Jean, or to die of drink in his prime, or to leave his widow and orphans in poverty. Burns loved upward, loved noble things and beautiful; and his very love of beauty and grace, his love of good company, of wit and laughter and song, and all the stormy splendors of youth at springtide—these are the snares and wiles that caught his beautiful genius and led it away

captive. And today for him who hath eyes to see, the marks of a like immoderation are upon our generation also. What a revelation of the taste of our age is found in the new love of highly spiced literature! All history holds no nobler literature than that in the English tongue. Our poetry furnishes nectar for angels! Our philosophers bread for giants! The essayists furnish food for the gods! Nevertheless, a multitude have turned from this glorious feast to the highly spiced literature of fiction.

A traveler tells of watching bees linger so long beside the vats of the distillery that they became maudlin. And the love of high stimulants in literature is one of the character marks of our generation. Excess threatens our people. Men are anxious to be scholars and hurry along a pathway that leads straight to the grave. Men are anxious to find pleasure, but they find the flowers were grown in the churchyard. Men are feverishly anxious for wealth, and coining all time and strength into gold, they find they have no health with which to enjoy the gathered sweetness. Haste in cooking the dinner has destroyed the appetite. We are told that "moderation and poise are the secrets of all successful art," as they are of all successful life. Give the rein to appetite and passion, and satiety, disenchantment, and the grave quickly come. Health, happiness, and character are through restraint. Thus truly, habit and trait in the individual or the generation becomes a mark in the body that is the revelator of character.

Similarly, history tells us of half a score of men during the past two thousand years, who have carried

an all-commanding atmosphere. For over a century, students of oratory have been endeavoring to explain the eloquence of Whitfield. Such power had this man that the statesmen and philosophers of London used to leave the metropolis on Saturday and journey far into the country to join the crowds, often numbering twenty thousand people, that followed this preacher from village to village. David Hume, the skeptic, explained Whitfield's charm, by saying that the preacher spake to his audience with the same passionate abandon with which an ardent lover speaks to his sweetheart when he pleads for her hand. But Benjamin Franklin tells us that the charm in Whitfield's speech was not his musical voice, not his stream of thought running clear as crystal, not his sudden electric outbursts, when the great man seemed on fire; the something that men have tried in vain to analyze, was his character—goodness and sincerity glowing and throbbing in and through words, just as the electric current glows and throbs through the connecting wires. Another such man but lesser was Lamartine. During the French revolution, when the mob poured through the streets, sweeping before it the soldiers, who opposed their progress, Lamartine made his way to the middle of the street and stood before the brutal leaders. So powerful was the influence of the good man's character, that when the leader said, "Soldiers, we are in the presence of a man who represents seventy years of noble living," the rude mob uncovered. Afterward, when the insurgents laid down their arms, it was as a tribute to the superiority of character to guns and brute force.

But when we read of these all-commanding natures, we are not to think that these inspirational beings had their influence through some strange magnetic power, or that they cast a spell over people like unto the spell that the cat casts over the mouse with which it plays. Their might has, for the most part, been the might of goodness. The chief mark that Paul and Wesley and Wilberforce, and all the great have carried about in the body has been the mark of character. What beauty is to the statue; what ripeness is to the fruit; what strength is to the body; what wisdom is to the reason—that character is to the soul.

Great is the power of bonds and gold! Mighty the influence of customs and institutions! But the greatest force that can exist in society is the presence and power of good men. As rain and soil and sunbeams are only raw materials, to be brought together and condensed into the ripe fruit, so tools, knowledge, goods, are but raw materials, to be wrought up into the fine substance of character. Happy all who have subordinated the animal impulses and the industrial faculties to the moral sentiments. Thrice happy they who have carried all their faculties up unto harmony and symmetry.

—*N. D. Hillis.*

THE LAND OF NOD.

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay.
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad,
Till morning, in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

EVENING.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of Night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! What is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is! it is that deeply injured flower,

Which boys do flout us with; but yet I love
thee,

Thou giant rose wrapped in a green surtout!
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gandy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan, that rides upon the water?

Oh, no! it is that other gentle bird,

Which is the patron of our noble calling.

I well remember, in my early years,

When these young hands first closed upon a
goose;

I have a scar upon my thimble-finger,

Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.

My father was a tailor, and his father,

And my sire's grandsire—all of them were tailors

They had an ancient goose; it was an heirloom

From some remoter tailor of our race.

It happened I did see it on a time

When none was near, and I did deal with it.

And it did burn me, oh, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,

And leap elastic from the level counter,

Leaving the petty grievances of earth,

The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,

And all the needles that do wound the spirit,

For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.

Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom. I can feel
With all around me ; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's green mantle; and you quiet
bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

TO A SKY-LARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood:
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!
—*William Wordsworth.*

WHERE'S MOTHER.

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
“Where's mother?”

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won;
“Where's mother?”

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say
“Where's mother?”

Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,

“Where's mother?” —*J. R. Eastwood.*

A NIGHT AT SEA.

It is a dreadful night. The passengers are clustered, trembling, below. Every plank shakes; and the oak ribs groan, as if they suffered with their toil. The hands are all aloft; the captain is forward shouting to the mate in the cross-trees, and I am clinging to one of the staunchions by the binnacle. The ship is pitching madly, and the waves are toppling up, sometimes as high as the yard-arm, and then dipping away with a whirl under our keel, that makes every timber in the vessel quiver. The thunder is roaring like a thousand cannons; and at the moment, the sky is cleft with a stream of fire that glares over the tops of the waves, and glistens on the wet decks and the spars,—lighting up all so plain that I can see the men's faces in the main-top, and catch glimpses of the reefers on the yard-arm, clinging like death;—then all is horrible darkness.

The spray spits angrily against the canvas; the waves crash against the weather-bow like mountains; the wind howls through the rigging, or, as a gasket gives way, the sail, bellying to leeward, splits like the crack of a musket. I hear the captain in the lulls screaming out orders; and the mate in the rigging, screaming them over; until the lightning comes, and the thunder, deadening their voices, as if they were chirping sparrows.

In one of the flashes, I see a hand upon the yard-arm lose his foothold, as the ship gives a plunge; but his arms are clenched around the spar. Before I can see any more, the blackness comes, and the thunder,

with a crash that half deafens me. I think I hear a low cry, as the mutterings die away in the distance; and at the next flash of lightning, which comes in an instant, I see upon the top of one of the waves alongside, the poor reefer who has fallen. The lightning glares upon his face.

But he has caught at a loose bit of running rigging as he fell; and I see it slipping off the coil upon the deck. I shout madly—"Man overboard!"—and catch the rope, when I can see nothing again. The sea is too high, and the man too heavy for me. I shout, and shout, and shout, and feel the perspiration starting in great beads from my forehead, as the line slips through my fingers.

Presently the captain feels his way aft, and takes hold with me; and the cook comes, as the coil is nearly spent, and we pull together upon him. It is desperate work for the sailor; for the ship is drifting at a prodigious rate; but he clings like a dying man.

By and by, at a flash, we see him on a crest, two oars' length away from the vessel.

"Hold on, my man!" shouts the captain.

"For God's sake, be quick!" says the poor fellow; and he goes down in a trough of the sea. We pull the harder, and the captain keeps calling to him to keep up courage, and hold strong. But in the hush, we can hear him say—"I can't hold out much longer;—I'm 'most gone!"

Presently we have brought the man where we can lay hold of him, and we are only waiting for a good lift of the sea to bring him up, when the poor fellow groans out,—“It's of no use—I can't—Good-bye!”

And a wave tosses the end of the rope clean upon the bulwarks.

At the next flash, I see him going down under the water.

I grope my way below, sick and faint at heart; and wedging myself into my narrow berth, I try to sleep. But the thunder and the tossing of the ship and the face of the drowning man, as he said good-bye,—peering at me from every corner, will not let me sleep.

—*Ik. Marrel*

THE PEOPLE VICTORIOUS.

The people always conquer. They always *must* conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that cares not in what language the covenant of the subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade, and when they rise against the invader are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado; and Nature, God, is their ally. Now He overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath His drifting mountains of sand; now He buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; He lets loose His tempest on their fleets; He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders;

He never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, *resolved* to be free.

“For Freedom’s battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

—*Edward Everett.*

WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—

Nay, but she aim’d not at glory, no lover of glory she:

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,

Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

KISSING THE ROD.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

ENTERTAINMENT.

“Wages” in the full sense don’t mean “pay” merely, but the reward, whatever it may be, of pleasure as well as profit, and of various other advantages, which a man is meant by Providence to get during life for work well done. Even limiting the idea to “pay,” the question is not so much what quantity of coin you get, as — what you can get for it when you have it. Whether a shilling a day be good pay or not, depends wholly on what a “shilling’s worth” is; that is to say, what quantity of the things you want may be had for a shilling. And that again depends on what you *do* want; and a great deal more than that depends, besides, on “what you want.” If you want only drink, and foul clothes, such and such pay may be enough for you; if you want good meat and good clothes, you must have larger wage; if clean rooms and fresh air, larger still, and so on. You say, perhaps, “every one wants better things.” So far from that, a wholesome taste for cleanliness and fresh air is one of the final attainments of humanity. There are now not many European gentlemen, even in the highest classes, who have a pure and right love of fresh air. They would put the filth of tobacco even into the first breeze of a May morning.

But there are better things even than these, which one may want. Grant that one has good food, clothes, lodging, and breathing, is that all the pay one ought to have for one’s work? Wholesome means of existence, and nothing more? Enough, perhaps, you think, if everybody could get these. It may be so;

I will not, at this moment, dispute it; nevertheless, I will boldly say that you should sometimes want more than these: and for one of many things more, you should want occasionally to be amused!

You know the upper classes, most of them, want to be amused all day long. They think

“One moment *unamused* a misery
Not made for feeble men.”

Perhaps you have been in the habit of despising them for this; and thinking how much worthier and nobler it was to work all day, and care at night only for food and rest, than to do no useful thing all day, eat unearned food, and spend the evening as the morning, in “change of follies and relays of joy.” No, my good friend, that is one of the fatalest deceptions. It is not a noble thing, in sum and issue of it, not to care to be amused. It is indeed a far higher *moral* state, but it is a much lower *creature* state than that of the upper classes.

Yonder poor horse, calm slave in daily chains at the railroad siding, who drags the detached rear of the train to the front again, and slips aside so deftly as the buffers meet; and, within eighteen inches of death every ten minutes, fulfils his dexterous and changeless duty all day long, content for eternal reward with his night's rest and his champed mouthful of hay;—anything more earnestly moral and beautiful one cannot imagine—I never see the creature without a kind of worship.

There are three things to which a man is born—labor, and sorrow, and joy. Each of these three

things has its baseness and its nobleness. There is base labor, and noble labor. There is base sorrow, and noble sorrow. There is base joy and noble joy. But you must not think to avoid the corruption of these things by doing without the things themselves. Nor can any life be right that has not all three. Labor without joy is base. Labor without sorrow is base. Sorrow without labor is base. Joy without labor is base.

—*John Ruskin.*

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THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh flowers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under:
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast:
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers

The lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves, remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,

By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof.
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim.
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

—*Shelley.*

WHO STRUCK MY MARY?

O I have seen her again, to-day,
 Poor Mary;
Still and cold and white she lay,—
 Sweet, gentle Mary;
So soon! and the day is forever flown
When I loved with a love she might have known;
And she was then almost my own—
 Almost my Mary.

But he had riches and I had none
 For Mary.
My poor love lost and riches won
 The love of Mary;
Like a fairy boat, they sailed away;
I tried to be happy; for they were gay;
And I have looked on the wreck to-day,
 Of poor lost Mary.

For she did not know the curse so nigh,
 For Mary,—
Coiled in the golden cup, so sly,
 For the loving Mary;
I . . . loved them both, and would not trust
A word of warning, or seem unjust;
And now both friend and love are lost;—
 My good friend, Harry,
 And our dear Mary

They brought him there; and they let him look
 On Mary;

O how his wretched body shook,
 As he gazed on Mary.
And when they showed him, trembling so,
The empty bottle that struck the blow,
He answered, "Why?" and "How?" and
 "Who?"—
 "Who struck my Mary?"

Gently the warden led him back
 From Mary;—
All that was left—a maniac—
 My old friend, Harry;
And, all the way to the madman's cell,
One bitter cry, unceasing, fell
Upon our ear—"Tell me, O tell,
 Who struck my Mary?"

Hear, hear him, fathers, lovers,—you
Who boast of power; and answer true,
And tell him why and how and who—
 Who struck poor Mary?

Hear ye who rule in high debate
The weal or woe of home and State,
Whose crime does woman expiate?
 Who struck poor Mary?

—*A. J. Chittenden.*

IMAGINATION.

That which men suppose the imagination to be,
and to do, is often frivolous enough and mischievous

enough; but that which God meant it to be in the mental economy is not merely noble, but supereminent. It is the distinguishing element in all refinement. It is the secret and marrow of civilization. It is the very eye of faith. The soul without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope.

As the imagination is set to look into the invisible and immaterial, it seems to attract something of their vitality; and though it can give nothing to the body to redeem it from years, it can give to the soul that freshness of youth in old age which is even more beautiful than youth in the young. It always seems to me that, before we leave this realm, deep affections take hold of the life to come by the hands of ideality, so that this quality in the old, hovers upon the edge and bound of life, the morning star of immortality. Thus it is with men as with evening villages. The lights in some dwellings are extinguished soon after twilight; in others, they hold till nine o'clock; one by one they go out, until midnight; but a few houses there are where the student's lamp or lover's watching torch holds bright till morning pours their light into the ocean of its own. So such men bring through the flooded hours of darkness the light of yesterday into to-day, and are never dark and never die. Thus it comes to pass as it is written, "Upon those who sat in the region and shadow of death a great light is arisen."

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

TRAY.

Boyhood has its grief too.

You love the old dog Tray. He is a noble old fellow, with shaggy hair, and long ears, and big paws, that he will put into your hand, if you ask him. And he never gets angry when you play with him, and tumble him over in the long grass, and pull his silken ears. Sometimes, to be sure, he will open his mouth, as if he would bite, but when he gets your hand fairly in his jaws, he will scarce leave the print of his teeth upon it. He will swim too, bravely, and bring ashore all the sticks you throw upon the water; and when you fling a stone to tease him, he swims round and round, and whines, and looks sorry that he cannot find it.

He will carry a heaping basket full of nuts, too, in his mouth, and never spill one of them; and when you come out to your uncle's home in the spring, after staying a whole winter in the town, he knows you—old Tray does! And he leaps upon you, and lays his paws on your shoulder, and licks your face; and is almost as glad to see you as cousin Bella herself. And when you put Bella on his back for a ride, he only pretends to bite her little feet;—but he wouldn't do it for the world. Aye, Tray is a noble old dog!

But one summer the farmers say that some of their sheep are killed, and that the dogs have worried them; and one of them comes to talk with my uncle about it.

But Tray never worried sheep; you know he never

did; and so does nurse; and so does Bella;—for in the spring she had a pet lamb, and Tray never worried little Fidele.

And one or two of the dogs that belong to the neighbors are shot; though nobody knows who shot them; and you have great fears about poor Tray; and try to keep him at home, and fondle him more than ever. But Tray will sometimes wander off; till finally one afternoon he comes back whining piteously, and with his shoulder all bloody.

Little Bella cries aloud; and you almost cry, as nurse dresses the wound; and poor old Tray whines very sadly. You pat his head, and Bella pats him; and you sit down together by him on the floor of the porch and bring a rug for him to lie upon; and try and tempt him with a little milk, and Bella brings a piece of cake for him,—but he will eat nothing. You sit up till very late, long after Bella has gone to bed, patting his head, and wishing you could do something for poor Tray;—but he only licks your hand, and whines more piteously than ever.

In the morning, you dress early, and hurry downstairs; but Tray is not lying on the rug; and you run through the house to find him, and whistle, and call—Tray!—Tray! At length you see him lying in his old place, out by the cherry tree, and you run to him:—but he does not start; and you lean down to pat him,—but he is cold, and the dew is wet upon him:—poor Tray is dead!

You take his head upon your knees, and pat again those glossy ears, and cry; but you cannot bring him to life. And Bella comes, and cries with you. You

can hardly bear to have him put in the ground; but uncle says he must be buried. So one of the workmen digs a grave under the cherry tree, where he died—a deep grave, and they round it over with earth, and smooth the sods upon it—even now I can trace Tray's grave.

You and Bella together put up a little slab for a tombstone; and she hangs flowers upon it, and ties them there with a bit of ribbon. You can scarce play all that day; and afterward, many weeks later, when you are rambling over the fields, or lingering by the brook, throwing off sticks into the eddies, you think of old Tray's shaggy coat, and of his big paw, and of his honest eye; and the memory of your boyish grief comes upon you; and you say with tears,——“Poor Tray!” And Bella too, in her sad, sweet tones, says——“Poor old Tray,——he is dead!”

—*Ik. Marvel.*

THE ISLE OF THE LONG AGO.

O a wonderful stream is the river Time.

As it runs through the realm of tears.

With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,

And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,

As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the Winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,

And the Summers like buds between.

And the year in the sheaf; so they come and they go,

On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a clondless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of that Isle is The Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust,—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore,
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remember'd for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life until night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight.

—Benj. F. Taylor.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger—"la, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table—"that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick, "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell; the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him—"I do, indeed; and, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this

matter, and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was all at once raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way—how thoughtful! how considerate!

“Well,” said Mr. Pickwick, “what do you think?”

“Oh, Mr. Pickwick,” said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, “you’re very kind, sir.”

“It’ll save you a good deal of trouble, won’t it?” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir,” replied Mrs. Bardell; “and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you than than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness.”

“Ah, to be sure,” said Mr. Pickwick; “I never thought of that. When I am in town, you’ll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will.”

“I’m sure I ought to be a very happy woman,” said Mrs. Bardell.

“And your little boy—” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Bless his heart!” interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

“He, too, will have a companion,” resumed Mr. Pickwick. “a lively one, who’ll teach him, I’ll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever

learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly

"Oh, you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh, you kind, good, playful dear!" said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul!" cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider—Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come—"

"Oh, let them come!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically; I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul!" and, with these words, Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me!" said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't!" But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing; for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you down-stairs," said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir—thank you," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down-stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive," said Mr. Pickwick—"I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing."

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

—*Charles Dickens.*

HIS ENJOYMENT BRIEF.

"Come, let us walk down this way again."

"Why?"

"Don't you see that fellow over yonder?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Well, I want to meet him as often as possible."

"I don't understand you."

"I'll explain. You know that I am the worst man in the country for owing people?"

"Yes."

"And that when I owe a man I dodge him?"

"I believe that I have noticed that."

"Well, I've got revenge."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, the fellow over there owes me. When I see him dodge me it tickles me nearly to death. I have been so hampered by men whom I owe that I now enjoy being owed. See how he gets around the corner? Let's go over that way. Say hold on—let's go back."

"What's the matter?"

"See that fellow?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Nothing; only I owe him. Confound it, a man never begins to enjoy himself but that some unfortunate thing arises." —*Arkansaw Traveller.*

POVERTY AND DEBT.

There is nothing ignominious about poverty. It may even serve as a healthy stimulus to great spirits. "Under gold mountains and thrones," said Jean Paul, "lie buried many spiritual giants." Richter even held that poverty was to be welcomed, so that it came not too late in life. And doubtless Scott's burden was all the heavier to bear because it came upon him in his declining years.

Shakespeare was a poor man. "It is a question," says Carlyle, "whether had not want, discomfort, and distress-warrants been busy at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare had not lived killing calves or combing wool." To Milton's and Dryden's narrow means we probably owe the best part of their works.

Johnson was a very poor man, and a very brave one. He never knew what wealth was. His mind was always greater than his fortune; and it is the mind that makes the man rich or poor, happy or miserable. Johnson's gruff and bluff exterior covered a manly and noble nature. He had early known poverty and debt, and wished himself clear of both. When at college, his feet appeared through his shoes, but he was too poor to buy new ones. His head was full of learning, but his pockets were empty. How he struggled through distress and difficulty during his first years in London, the reader can learn from his "Life." He bedded and boarded for four-pence-half-penny a day, and when too poor to pay for a bed, he wandered with Savage whole nights in the streets. He struggled on manfully, never whining at his lot, but trying to make the best of it.

These early sorrows and struggles of Johnson left their scars upon his nature: but they also enlarged and enriched his experience, as well as widened his range of human sympathy. Even when in his greatest distress, he had room in his heart for others whose necessities were greater than his own; and he was never wanting in his help to those who needed it, or were poorer than himself.

Men who live by their wits, their talents, or their genius, have, somehow or other, acquired the character of being improvident. Charles Nodier, writing about a distinguished genius, said of him, "In the life of intelligence and art, he was an angel; in the common practical life of everyday, he was a child." The same might be said of many great writers and

artists. The greatest of them have been so devoted—heart and soul—to their special work, that they have not cared to think how the efforts of their genius might be converted into pounds, shillings, and pence. Had they placed the money consideration first, probably the world would not have inherited the products of their genius. Milton would not have labored for so many years at his “Paradise Lost,” merely for the sake of the five pounds for which he sold the first edition to the publisher. Nor would Schiller have gone on toiling for twenty years up to the topmost pinnacles of thought, merely for the sake of the bare means of living which he earned by his work.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

SUMMER STORM.

Untremulous in the river clear,
Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge;
 So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen midge;
 Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,
Like rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,
Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases,
 The huddling tramp of a drove of sheep
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases
 In dust on the other side; life's emblem deep,
A confused noise between two silences,
Finding at last in dust precarious peace. .
On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses
 Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the brimming tide,

Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes
Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide
Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to side;
But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge,
Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whitened
spray;
Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its verge,
And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs away.

Suddenly all the sky is hid
As with the shutting of a lid,
One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow,
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,
And the wind breathes low;
Slowly the circles widen on the river,
Widen and mingle, one and all;
Here and there the slenderer flowers shiver,
Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter,
The wind is gathering in the west;
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,
Then droop to a fitful rest;
Up from the stream with sluggish flap
Struggles the gull and floats away;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap,—
We shall not see the sun go down to-day:
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet,
The startled river turns leaden and harsh.
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

Look! look! that livid flash!
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
On the Earth, which crouches in silence under;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile;
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof;
Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling,—
Will silence return nevermore?

Hush! Still as death,
The tempest holds his breath
As from a sudden will;
The rain stops short, but from the eaves
You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves,
All is so bodingly still;
Again, now, now, again
Plashes the rain in heavy gout,
The crinkled lightning

Seems ever brightening,
And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle-song,—
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence dead and dull,
As if the cloud, let go,
Leapt bodily below
To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,
And then a total lull.

Gone, gone, so soon!
No more my half-crazed fancy there,
Can shape a giant in the air,
No more I see his streaming hair,
The writhing portent of his form;—
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea,
Silent and few, are drifting over me.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

HOME AND COUNTRY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,

Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found!
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

—*Montgomery.*

THE FUTURE OF THE NATION.

Unborn ages and visions of glory crowd upon my soul, the realization of all which, however, is in the hands and good pleasure of Almighty God; but, under his divine blessing, it will be dependent on the character and the virtues of ourselves, and of our posterity. If classical history has been found to be, is now, and shall continue to be, the concomitant of free institutions, and of popular eloquence, what a field is opening to us for another Herodotus, another Thucydides, and another Livy!

And let me say, gentlemen, that if we and our posterity shall be true to the Christian religion,—if we and they shall live always in the fear of God, and shall respect his commandments,—if we and they shall maintain just, moral sentiments, such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life,—we may have the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country; and if we maintain those institutions of government and that political union, exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associations, we may be sure of one thing—that, while our country furnishes materials for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no Decline and Fall. It will go on prospering and to prosper.

But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which

holds us together, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity. Should that catastrophe happen, let it have no history! Let the horrible narrative never be written! Let its fate be like that of the lost books of Livy, which no human eye shall ever read; or the missing Pleiad, of which no man can ever know more, than that it is lost, and lost forever!

But, gentlemen, I will not take my leave of you in a tone of despondency. We may trust that Heaven will not forsake us, nor permit us to forsake ourselves. We must strengthen ourselves, and gird up our loins with new resolution; we must counsel each other; and, determined to sustain each other in the support of the Constitution, prepare to meet manfully, and united, whatever of difficulty or of danger, whatever of effort or of sacrifice, the providence of God may call upon us to meet.

Are we of this generation so derelict, have we so little of the blood of our revolutionary fathers coursing through our veins, that we can not preserve what they achieved? The world will cry out "*shame*" upon us, if we show ourselves unworthy to be the descendants of those great and illustrious men, who fought for their liberty, and secured it to their posterity, by the Constitution of the United States.

Gentlemen, inspiring auspices, this day, surround us and cheer us. It is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. We should know this, even if we had lost our calendars, for we should be reminded of it by the shouts of joy and gladness. The whole atmos-

phere is redolent of his name; hills and forests, rocks and rivers, echo and reecho his praises. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel, this day, that there is one treasure common to them all, and that is the fame and character of Washington. They recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

To the old and the young, to all born in the land, and to all whose love of liberty has brought them from foreign shores to make this the home of their adoption, the name of Washington is this day an exhilarating theme. Americans by birth are proud of his character, and exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all the world over, more an object of love and regard than on any day since his birth.

Gentlemen, on Washington's principles, and under the guidance of his example, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership our fathers conquered; and under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles will we also conquer. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it through evil report and through good report. We will meet danger, we will meet death, if they come, in its protection; and we will struggle on, in daylight and in darkness, ay, in the thickest darkness, with all the storms which it may bring with it, till "Danger's troubled night is o'er, and the star of Peace return." —*Daniel Webster.*

Delivered before the N. Y. Historical Society, February 23, 1852.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear wee woman of four;
Her feet in their shiny slippers
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her big brown eyes.
She stared at the meeting-house windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher;
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of the broken basket,
Where curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringy ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.
Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet!
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.

The people whispered: "Bless the child!"

As each one waked from a nap;
But the dear wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

—*Selected.*

LIFE AND USEFULNESS.

An oak tree for two hundred years grows solitary. It is bitterly handled by frosts; it is wrestled with by ambitious winds, determined to give it a downfall. It holds fast and grows alone. "What avails all this sturdiness?" it saith to itself. "Why am I to stand here useless? My roots are anchored in rifts of rocks; no herds can lie down under my shadow; I am far above singing birds, that seldom come to rest among my leaves; I am set as a mark for storms, that bend and tear me; my fruit is serviceable for no appetite; it had been better for me to have been a mushroom, gathered in the morning for some poor man's table, than to be a hundred year oak, good for nothing."

While it yet spoke, the axe was hewing at its base. It died in sadness, saying as it fell, "Weary ages for nothing have I lived."

The axe completed its work. By and by the trunk and root form the knees of a stately ship, bearing the country's flag around the world. Other parts form keel and ribs of merchantmen, and having defied the mountain storms, they now equally resist the thunder of the waves and the murky threat of scowling hurri-

canes. Other parts are laid into floors, or wrought into wainscoting, or carved for frames of noble pictures, or fashioned into chairs that embosom the weakness of old age. Thus the tree, in dying, came not to its end, but to its beginning of life. It voyaged the world. It grew to parts of temples and dwellings. It beld upon its surface the soft tread of children and the tottering steps of patriarchs. It rocked in the cradle. It swayed the limbs of age by the chimney corner, and heard, secure within, the roar of those old, unwearied tempests that once surged about its mountain life. Thus, after its growth, its long uselessness, its cruel prostration, it became universally helpful, and did by its death what it could never have done by its life. For, so long as it was a tree, and belonged to itself, it was solitary and useless; but when it gave up its own life, and became related to others, then its true life began.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A STREET SCENE.

I want to tell you about a row of houses that I pass every day. There are four buildings, and they stand by themselves.

The first one, beginning at the east, is a restaurant where you get a meal for twenty cents and can always know what they are cooking for you before they bring it in.

The second is a saloon, with the usual free-lunch signs outside and the bottles in the window. The

third is a kind of concert-hall adjunct to the saloon. In the evening there is music in the place and they have a few variety performers that they ring in on a little stage to entertain the crowd.

The fourth place is an undertaking establishment with a casket in the window. An undertaker's place doesn't often happen to be right next to a noisy concert hall, and the contrast between the two establishments first attracted my attention and made me interested in the row.

It seemed to me, though, the oftener I passed along the street that there was something familiar about the row of places. It reminded me of something, but I couldn't think what it was, until one day it came to me like a flash. I was standing across the street from the four places, and all at once that old quotation came into my head, 'Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die.'

'That's it,' I said to myself. 'That's what those places have always reminded me of. Eat in the restaurant, drink in the saloon, be merry in the concert-hall, for to-morrow ye die and the undertaker will be called in.'

Those four places told the whole story.

—*Selected.*

AMBITION.

We need a loftier ideal to nerve us for heroic lives. To know and feel our nothingness without regretting it,—to deem fame, riches, personal happiness, but

shadows, of which human good is the substance, —to welcome pain, privation, ignominy, so that the sphere of human knowledge, the empire of virtue, be thereby extended, —such is the soul's temper in which the heroes of the coming age shall be cast. When the stately monuments of mightiest conquerors shall have become shapeless and forgotten ruins, the humble graves of earth's Howards and Frys shall still be freshened by the tears of fondly admiring millions, and the proudest epitaph shall be the simple entreaty:

“Write me as one who *loved* his fellow-men.”

Say not that I thus condemn and would annihilate ambition. The love of approbation, of esteem, of true glory, is a noble incentive, and should be cherished to the end. But the ambition which points the way to fame over torn limbs, and bleeding hearts, which joys in the Tartarean smoke of the battle-field, and the desolating tramp of the war-horse, —*that* ambition is worthy only of “arch-angel ruined.” To make one conqueror's reputation, at least one hundred thousand bounding, joyous, sentient beings must be transformed into writhing and hideous fragments, must perish untimely by deaths of agony and horror, leaving half a million widows and orphans to bewail their loss in anguish and destitution. This is too mighty, too awful a price to be paid for the fame of any hero, from Nimrod to Wellington. True fame demands no such sacrifices of others; it requires us to be reckless of the outward well-being of but one. It exacts no hetacomb of victims for each tri-

umphal pile; for the more who covet and seek it, the easier and more abundant is the success of each and all. With souls of the celestial temper, each human life might be a triumph which angels would lean from the skies delighted to witness and admire.

—*Horace Greeley.*

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.
I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.

Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the wood-land fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

A TALE.

What a pretty tale you told me
Once upon a time,
—Said you found it somewhere (scold me!)
Was it prose or was it rhyme,
Greek or Latin? Greek, you said,
While your shoulder propped my head.

Anyhow there's no forgetting
This much if no more,
That a poet (pray, no petting!)
Yes, a bard, sir, famed of yore,
Went where suchlike used to go,
Singing for a prize, you know.

Well, he had to sing, nor merely
Sing but play the lyre;
Playing was important clearly
Quite as singing: I desire,
Sir, you keep the fact in mind
For a purpose that's behind.

There stood he, while deep attention
Held the judges round;
—Judges able, I should mention,
To detect the slightest sound.
Sung or played amiss: such ears
Had old judges, it appears.

None the less he sang out boldly,
Played in time and tune,
Till the judges, weighing coldly
Each note's worth, seemed, late or soon,
Sure to smile "In vain one tries
Picking faults out: take the prize!"

When, a mischief! Were they seven
Strings the lyre possessed?
Oh, and afterwards eleven,
Thank you! well, sir,—who had guessed
Such ill luck in store?—it happened
One of these same seven strings snapped.

All was lost, then! No! a cricket
(What "cicada?" Pooh!)
—Some mad thing that left its thicket
For mere love of music—flew

With its little heart on fire,
Lighted on the crippled lyre.

So that when (Ah joy!) our singer
For his truant string
Feels with disconcerted finger,
What does cricket else but fling
Fiery heart forth, sound the note
Wanted by the throbbing throat?

Ay and, ever to the ending,
Cricket chirps at need,
Executes the hand's intending,
Promptly, perfectly,—indeed,
Saves the singer from defeat
With her chirrup low and sweet.

Till, at ending, all the judges
Cry with one assent,
‘Take the prize—a prize who grudges
Such a voice and instrument?
Why, we took your lyre for harp,
So it shrilled us forth F sharp!’”

Did the conqueror spurn the creature,
Once its service done?
That's no such uncommon feature
In the case when Music's son
Finds his Lotte's power too spent
For aiding soul-development.

No! This other, on returning
Homeward, prize in hand,

Satisfied his bosom's yearning:
(Sir, I hope you understand!)
—Said "Some record there must be
Of this cricket's help to me!"

So, he made himself a statue:
Marble stood, life-size;
On the lyre, he pointed at you,
Perched his partner in the prize;
Never more apart you found
Her, he throned, from him, she crowned.

That's the tale: its application?
Somebody I know
Hopes one day for reputation
Through its poetry that's—Oh,
All so learned and so wise,
And deserving of a prize!

If he gains one, will some ticket,
When his statue's built,
Tell the gazer " 'Twas a cricket
Helped my crippled lyre, whose lilt,
Sweet and low, when strength usurped
Softness' place i' the scale, she chirped.

" For as victory was highest,
While I sang and played,—
With my lyre at lowest, highest,
Right alike,—one string that made
'Love' sound soft was snapt in twain,
Never to be heard again.—

“Had not a kind cricket fluttered,
Perched upon the place
Vacant left and duly uttered
‘Love, Love, Love,’ whene’er the bass
Asked the treble to atone
For its somewhat sombre drone.”

But you don’t know music! Wherefore
Keep on casting pearls
To a — poet? All I care for
Is — to tell him that a girl’s
“Love” comes aptly in when gruff
Grows his singing. (There, enough!)
—*Robert Browning.*

THE HEROIC AGE.

I mean by an heroic age and race, one the course of whose history, and the traits of whose character, and the extent and permanence of whose influences are of a kind and power not merely to be recognized in after time as respectable or useful, but of a kind and of a power to kindle and feed the moral imagination, move the capacious heart, and justify the intelligent wonder of the world.

I mean by a nation’s heroic age a time distinguished above others, not by chronological relation alone, but by a concurrence of grand and impressive agencies with large results; by some splendid and remarkable triumph of men over some great enemy, some great evil, some great labor, some great danger;

by uncommon examples of the rarer virtues and qualities, tried by an exigency that occurs only at the beginning of new epochs, the accession of new dynasties of dominion or liberty when the great bell of Time sounds another hour.

—*Rufus Choate.*

THE AID OF A THREE-YEAR-OLD NEPHEW.

I remembered suddenly, and with a sharp pang, that my vacation was nearly at an end, and that I must soon return to the city, and I found myself consuming with impatience to know how much longer Alice would remain at Hillcrest. It would be cruel to wish her in the city before the end of August, yet I—

“Uncle Harry,” said Budge, “my papa says, ’tisn’t nice for folks to sit down an’ go to thinkin’ before they’ve brushed their hair mornin’s—that’s what he tells *me*.”

“I beg your pardon, Budge,” said I, “I was thinking over a matter of a great deal of importance.”

“What was it—my goat?”

“No—of course not. Don’t be silly, Budge.”

“Well, I think about him a good deal, an’ I don’t think it’s a bit silly. I hope he will go to heaven when he dies. Do angels have goat carriages, Uncle Harry?”

“No, old fellow—they can go about without carriages.”

“When *I* goesh to hebben,” said Toddie, rising in

bed, "Izhe goin' to have lots of goat-cawijes an' Izhe goin' to tate all ze andjels a widen."

With many other bits of prophecy and celestial description I was regaled as I completed my toilet, and I hurried out of doors for an opportunity to think without disturbance.

The flowers, always full of suggestion to me, seemed suddenly to have new charms and powers; they actually impelled me to try to make rhymes,—me, a steady white goods salesman!

The impulse was too strong to be resisted.

“As radiant as that matchless rose
Which poet-artists fancy;
As fair as whitest lily-blows;
As modest as the pansy;
As pure as dew which hides within
Aurora's sun-kissed chalice;
As tender as the primrose sweet—
All this, and more, is Alice.”

When I had composed these wretched lines I became conscious that I had neither pencil nor paper wherewith to preserve them.

Should I lose them—my first self-constructed poem? Never!

This was not the first time in which I had found it necessary to preserve words by memory alone. So I repeated my ridiculous lines over and over again, until the eloquent feeling of which they were the graceless expression inspired me to accompany my recital with gestures. Six--eight—ten—a dozen—twenty times I repeated these lines, each time with

additional emotion and gesture, when a thin voice, very near me, remarked:—

“Ocken, Hawwy, you does djust as if you was swimmin’.”

Turning, I beheld my nephew Toddie—how long he had been behind me I had no idea. He looked earnestly into my eyes, and then remarked:—

“Ocken Hawwy, your faysh is wed, djust like a wozy-pozy.”

“Let’s go right in to breakfast, Toddie,” said I aloud, as I grumbled to myself about the faculty of observation which Tom’s children seemed to have.

Immediately after breakfast I dispatched Mike with a note to Alice, informing her that I would be glad to drive her to the Falls in the afternoon, and at two o’clock I drove up to the steps of Mrs. Clarkson’s boarding house.

Longer, more out-of-the-way roads between Hillcrest and the Falls I venture to say were never known than I drove over that afternoon, and my happy companion never once asked if I was sure we were on the right road. Only a single cloud came over her brow, and of this I soon learned the cause.

“Harry,” said she, in an appealing tone, “we *have* been very hasty, for people who have been mere acquaintances. And mother is dreadfully opposed to such affairs—she is of the old style, you know.”

“It was all my fault,” said I. “I’ll apologize promptly and handsomely. The time and agony which I didn’t consume in laying siege to your heart,

I'll devote to the task of gaining your mother's good graces."

"You don't know what a task you have before you. Mother has a very tender heart, but it's thoroughly fenced in by proprieties. In her day and set, courtship was a very slow, stately affair, and mother believes it the proper way now. I'm afraid she won't be patient if she knows the truth. I'm her only child, you know."

"*Don't* keep it from her," said I, "Let me tell the whole story, take all the responsibility, and accept the penalties, if there are any."

But oh, what a cowardly heart was mine! Now for the first time in my life did I shrink and tremble at the realization of what duty imperatively required—now for the first time did I go through a harder battle than was ever fought with sword and cannon, and a battle with greater possibilities of danger than the field ever offered. I could not help feeling considerably sobered on our homeward drive.

"Let me talk to her *now*, Alice, won't you? Delays are only cowardly."

"Yes; if the parlor happens to be empty, I'll ask her if she won't go in and see you a moment."

As we passed from behind a clump of evergreens which hid the house from our view, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Gracious!" Upon the piazza stood Mrs. Mayton; at her side stood my two nephews, as dirty in face, and clothing, as I had ever seen them.

"Wezhe comed up to wide home wif you," exclaimed Toddie, as Mrs. Mayton greeted me with an odd mixture of courtesy, curiosity and humor. Alice

led the way into the parlor, whispered to her mother, and commenced to make a rapid exit, when Mrs. Mayton called her back, and motioned her to a chair.

"Alice says you wish to speak with me, Mr. Burton," said she. "I wonder whether the subject is one upon which I have this afternoon received a minute verbal account from the elder Master Lawrence."

"Between the statements made by that child, and the hitherto unaccountable change in my daughter's looks during two or three days, I think I have got at the truth of the matter. If the offender were any one else, I should be inclined to be severe; but we mothers of only daughters are apt to have a pretty distinct idea of the merits of young men, and—"

The old lady dropped her head; I sprang to my feet, seized her hand, and reverently kissed it; then Mrs. Mayton, whose only son had died fifteen years before, raised her head and adopted me in the manner peculiar to mothers.

A few moments later, three happy people were occupying conventional attitudes, and trying to compose faces which should bear the inspection of whoever might happen into the parlor, and Mrs. Mayton observed:—

"My children, between us this matter is understood, but I must caution you against acting in such a way as to make the engagement public at once."

"Trust me for that," hastily exclaimed Alice.

"And me," said I.

"I have no doubt of the intentions of either of you," resumed Mrs. Mayton, "but you cannot possibly be too cautious."

Here a loud laugh from the shrubbery under the windows drowned Mrs. Mayton's voice for a moment, but she continued: "Servants, children"—here she smiled, and I dropped my head—"persons you may chance to meet"—

Again the laugh broke forth under the window.

"What *can* those girls be laughing at?" exclaimed Alice, moving toward the window, followed by her mother and me.

Seated in a semi-circle on the grass were most of the ladies boarding at Mrs. Clarkson's, and in front of them stood Toddie, in that high state of excitement to which sympathetic applause always raises him.

"Say it again," said one of the ladies.

Toddie put on an expression of profound wisdom, made violent gestures with both hands, and repeated the following:—

"Azh wadiant azh ze matchless woze

Zat poeck-artuss fanshy;

Azh fair azh whituss lily-blowzh;

Azh moduss azh a paunzhy;

Azh pure azh dew zat hides wiffin

Awwahwah's sun-tissed tallish;

Azh tender azh ze pwimwose fweet,

All zish, an moah, izh Alish."

I gasped for breath.

"Who taught you all that, Toddie?" asked one of the ladies.

"Nobody dodn't taught me—I lyned it "

"When did you learn it?"

"Lyned it zish mornin.' Ocken Hawwy said it

over, an' over, an' over, djust yots of timezh, out in ze garden."

The ladies exchanged glances—my lady readers (or hearers) will understand just how. Alice looked at me inquiringly, and she now tells me that I blushed sheepishly and guiltily. Poor Mrs. Mayton staggered to a chair, and exclaimed:—

"Too late! too late!"

—*From "Helen's Babies," by John Habberton.*

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THROUGH THE FLOOD.

Doctor MacLure did not lead a solemn procession from the sick bed to the dining-room, and give his opinion from the hearthrug with an air of wisdom bordering on the supernatural, because neither the Drumtochty houses nor his manners were on that large scale.

He was accustomed to deliver himself in the yard, and to conclude his directions with one foot on the stirrup; but when he left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away, our doctor said not one word, and at the sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled.

He was a dull man, Tammas, who could not read the meaning of a sign, and labored under a perpetual disability of speech; but love was eyes to him that day, and a mouth.

"Is't as bad as yir lookin', doctor? tell's the

truth; wull Annie no come through"? and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty or said smooth things.

"A' wud gie onything tae say Annie hes a chance, but a' durna; a doot yir gaein' tae lose her, Tammas."

MacLure was in the saddle, and as he gave his judgment, he laid his hand on Tammas' shoulder with one of the rare caresses that pass between men.

"It's a sair business, but ye'll play the man and no vex Annie; she 'ill dae her best, a'll warrant."

"An a'll dae mine," and Tammas gave MacLure's hand a grip that would have crushed the bones of a weakling.

Drumtochty felt in such moments the brotherliness of this rough-looking man, and loved him.

Tammas hid his face in Jess's mane, who looked around with sorrow in her beautiful eyes, for she had seen many tragedies, and in this silent sympathy the stricken man drank his cup, drop by drop.

"A' wesna prepared for this, for a' aye thocht she wud live the langest . . . She's younger than me by ten years, and never wes ill . . . We've been mairit twal year laist Martinmas, but its juist like a year the day. . . . A' wes never worthy o' her, the bonniest, snoddest (neatest), kindest lass in the Glen. . . . A' never cud mak oot hoo she ever lookit at me, 'at hesna hed ae word tae say aboot her till it's ower late. . . . She didna cuist up tae me that a' wesna worthy o' her, no her, but aye she said 'Yir ma ain gudeman, and nane cud be kinder tae me.' . . . An' a' wes minded tae be kind, but

a' see noo mony little trokes a' micht hae dune for her, and noo the time is bye. . . . Naebody kens hoo patient she wes wi' me, and aye made the best o' me, an' never pit me tae shame afore the fouk An' we never hed a cross word, no ane in twal year. . . . We were mair nor man and wife, we were sweethearts a' the time. . . . Oh, ma bonnie lass, what 'ill the bairnies an' me dae withoot ye, Annie?"

The winter night was falling fast, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the merciless north wind moaned through the close as Tammas wrestled with his sorrow dry-eyed, for tears were denied Drumtochty men. Neither the doctor nor Jess moved hand or foot, but their hearts were with their fellow-creature.

"Can naethin' be dune, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil, and young Burnbrae, an' yon shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, an' we were a' sae prood o' ye, an' pleased tae think that ye hed kepit deith frae anither hame. Can ye no think o' something to help Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?" and Tammas searched the doctor's face in the cold, weird light.

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, to dae the best a' can for yer wife. Man, a' kent her lang afore ye ever luv'd her: a' brocht her intae the warld, and a' saw her through the fever when she was a bit lassikie; a' closed her mither's een, and it wes me hed tae tell her she wes an orphan, an' nae man wes better pleased when she got a gude husband, and a' helpit her wi' her fower bairns. A've naither wife nor bairns o' ma own, an' a'coont a' the fouk o' the Glen ma family.

Div ye think a' wudna save Annie if I cud? If there wes a man in Muirtown 'at cud dae mair for her, a'd have him this verra nicht, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble."

"Tammass, ma puir fallow, if it could avail, a' tell ye a' wud lay doon this auld worn-oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith sittin' at the fire-side, an' the bairns roond ye, couthy and canty again; but it's no tae be, Tammass, it's no tae be."

"Its God's wull an' maun be borne, but it's a sair wull for me, an' a'm no ungratefu' tae you, doctor, for a' ye've dune and what ye said the nicht," and Tammass went back to sit with Annie for the last time, and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village, whose lights shone across the white frost-bound road.

"Come in by, doctor; a' heard ye on the road; ye'll hae been at Tammass Mitchell's; hoo's the gudewife? a' doot she's sober."

"Annie's deein', Drumsheugh, an' Tammass is like tae brak his hert."

"That's no lichtsome, doctor, no lichtsome ava, for a' dinna ken ony man in Drumtochy sae bund up in his wife as Tammass, and there's no a bonnier wumman o' her age crosses oor kirk door than Annie, nor a cleverer at her wark. Man ye'll need tae pit yir brains in steep. Is she clean beyond ye?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but ane, and it wud cost a hundred guineas tae bring him tae Drumtochy."

"Certes, he's no blate; it's a fell chairge for a short day's work; but hundred or no hundred we'll hae him, an' no let Annie gang, and her no half her years."

"Are ye meanin' it, Drumsheugh?" and MacLure turned white below the tan.

"William MacLure," said Drumsheugh, in one of the few confidences that ever broke the Drumtochty reserve, "a'm a lonely man, wi' naebody o' ma ain blude tae care for me livin', or tae lift me intae me coffin when a'm deid."

"A' fecht awa at Muirtown Market for an extra pund on a beast, or a shillin' on the quarter o' barley, an' what's the gude o't? Burnbrae gaes aff tae get a goon for his wife or a buke for his college laddie, an' Lachlan Campbell 'ill no leave the place noo without a ribbon for Flora."

"Ilka man in the Kildrummie train has some bit fairin' in his pooch for the fouk at hame that he's bocht wi' the siller he won.

"But there's naebody tae be lookin' oot for me, an' comin' doon the road tae meet me, and daffin' (joking) wi' me aboot their fairing, or feeling ma pockets. Ou ay, a've seen it a' at ither hooses, though they tried tae hide it frae me for fear a' wud lauch at them. Me lauch, wi' ma cauld, empty hame.

MacLure felt beneath the table for Drumsheugh's hand, but neither man looked at the other.

"Weel, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we haena mickle brichtness in oor ain hames, is tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoose. Write the telegram, man, and Sandy 'ill send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra nicht, and ye 'ill hae yir man the morn."

"Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumsheugh, but ye ill grant me ae favor. Ye 'ill lat me pay the half, bit

by bit—a' ken yir wullin' tae dae't a',—but a' haena mony pleasures, an' a' wud like tae hae ma share in savin' Annie's life."

Next morning a figure received Sir George on the Kildrummie platform, whom that famous surgeon took for a gillie, but who introduced himself as "MacLure of Drumtochty."

"It's a' richt in here, for the wind disna get at the snaw, but the drifts are deep in the Glen, and th'll be some engineerin' afore we get tae oor destination."

Four times they left the road and took their way over fields, twice they forced a passage through a slap in a dyke, thrice they used gaps in the paling which MacLure had made on his downward journey.

"A' seleckit the road this mornin', an' a' ken the depth tae an inch; we 'ill get through this steadin' here tae the main road, but oor worst job 'ill be crossin the Tochty.

"Ye see the bridge hes been shakin' wi' this winter's flood, and we daurna venture on it, sae we hev tae ford, and the snaw's been melting up Urtach way. There's nae doot the water's gey big, and it's threaten' tae rise, but we 'ill win through wi' a warstle.

"It micht be safer tae lift the instruments oot o' reach o' the water; wud ye mind haddin' them on yir knee till we're ower, an' keep firm in yir seat in case we come on a stane in the bed o' the river."

By this time they had come to the edge, and it was not a cheering sight. The Tochty had spread out over the meadows, and while they waited they could see it cover another two inches on the trunk of a tree. There are summer floods when the water is

brown and flecked with foam, but this was a winter flood, which is black and sullen, and runs in the center with a strong, fierce, silent current. Upon the opposite side hillocks stood to give directions by word and hand, as the ford was on his land, and none knew the Tochtly better in all its ways.

They passed through the shallow water without mishap, save when the wheel struck a hidden stone or fell suddenly into a rut; but when they neared the body of the river, MacLure halted to give Jess a minute's breathing.

"It 'ill tak ye a'yir time, lass, an' a' wud raither be on yir back; but ye never failed me yet, and a wumman's life is hangin' on the crossin'."

With the first plunge into the bed of the stream the water rose to the axles, and then it crept up to the shafts, so that the surgeon could feel it lapping about his feet, while the dog-cart began to quiver, and it seemed as if it were to be carried away. Sir George was as brave as most men, but he had never forded a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person.

"Sit doon," thundered MacLure; "condemned ye will be sunner or later gin ye shirk yir dnty, but through the water ye gang the day."

Both men spoke much more strongly and shortly,

but this is what they intended to say, and it was MacLure that prevailed.

Jess trailed her feet along the ground with cunning art, and held her shoulder against the stream; MacLure leant forward in his seat, a rein in each hand, and his eyes fixed on Hillocks, who was now standing up to the waist in the water, shouting directions and cheering on horse and driver.

“Hand tae the richt, doctor; there’s a hole yonder. Keep oot o’t for ony sake. That’s it; yir daein’ fine. steady, man, steady. Yir at the deepest; sit heavy in yir seats. Up the channel noo, and ye’ll be oot o’ the swirl. Weel dune, Jess, weel dune, auld mare! Mak straicht for me, doctor, an’ a’ll gie ye the road oot. Ma word, ye’ve dune yir best, baith o’ ye this mornin’,” cried Hillocks, splashing up to the dog-cart, now in the shallows.

“Sall, it wes titch an’ go for a meenut in the middle; a Heilan’ ford is a kittle (hazardous) road in the snaw time, but ye’re safe noo.”

Two hours later MacLure came out from Annie’s room and laid hold of Tammas, a heap of speechless misery by the kitchen fire, and carried him off to the barn, and spread some corn on the threshing floor and thrust a flail into his hands.

“Noo we’ve tae begin, an’ we’ll no be dune for an oor, and ye’ve tae lay on withoot stoppin’ till a’ come for ye, an’ a’ll shut the door tae haud in the noise, an’ keep yir dog beside ye, for there maunna be a cheep aboot the hoose for Annie’s sake.”

“A’ll dae onything ye want me, but if— if——”

“A’ll come for ye, Tammas, gin there be danger;

but what are ye feared for wi' the Queen's ain surgeon here?"

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened, the dog lifting his head and whining.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when the door swung back, and MacLure filled the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun had arisen on the snow.

His face was as tidings of great joy, and Elspeth told me that there was nothing like it to be seen that afternoon for glory, save the sun itself in the heavens.

"A' never saw the marrow o't, Tammas, an' a'll never see the like again: it's a' ower, man, withoot a hitch frae beginnin' tae end, and she's fa'in' asleep as fine as ye like."

"Dis he think Annie . . . 'ill live?"

"Of course he dis, and he aboot the hoose inside a month; that's the gude o' bein' a clean-bluided weel-livin'——"

"Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye? it's a mercy a' keppit ye, or we wud hev hed anither job for Sir George.

"Ye're a' richt, noo; sit doon on the strae. A'll come back in a whilie, an' ye'll see Annie juist for a meenut, but ye maunna say a word."

Marget took him in and let him kneel by Annie's bedside.

He said nothing then or afterwards, for speech came only once in his lifetime to Tammas, but Annie whispered, "Ma ain dear man."

When the doctor placed the precious bag beside Sir George in our solitary first next morning, he laid a cheque beside it and was about to leave.

“No, no,” said the great man. “Mrs. Macfadyen and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about you and your friend.

“You have some right to call me a coward, but I’ll never let you count me a mean, miserly rascal,” and the cheque with Drumsheugh’s painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor.

—*Ian Maclaren.*

INDEX.

Abdominal Breathing.....	Art. 47
Action.....	179
Arm Exercises.....	10, 18, 37, 103, 148, 152, 161
Arm in Gesture.....	221
Articulation	105, 113, 119, 124
Aspirate Quality.....	14
Averse Hand.....	191
Backward Position.....	233
Body Bending Exercise.....	77, 161
Body Torsion.....	92
Breath, Management of.....	133
Breathing.....	46, 58, 67
Brow, Expression of.....	262
Characteristic Words.....	168
Chart of Action.....	Page 5
Chart of Vocal Expression.....	Page 4
Chest Breathing.....	Art. 67
Chest Percussion Exercise.....	118
Clenched Hand.....	203
Climax.....	149
Coiling the Arm.....	18
Compound Stress.....	95, 99
Command, An Exercise in.....	226
Composed Position.....	233
Costal Breathing.....	58
Dead Still Exercise.....	139
Directions of Gesture.....	180
Drill Position.....	2
Elocution, Definition of.....	1
Emphasis.....	Page 153
Erect Position.....	2
Essential Elements of Voice.....	6
Eye, Expression of.....	257

Facial Expression.....	256
Final Stress.....	88, 90
Finger Exercise.....	173
First Position.....	8
Flexion Exercise of the Arm.....	10
Flexion Exercise of the Neck.....	85
Flexion Exercise of the Waist.....	77
Feet, Positions.....	227
Foot Exercise.....	25, 129, 161, 166
Force.....	38
Fore Arm.....	221
Form.....	78
Forward Position.....	233
Full Arm.....	221
Guttural Quality.....	21
Hand, Positions.....	185
Hand in Repose.....	217
Index Hand.....	198
Inflection.....	69
Latitude in Gesture.....	180
Laughing Exercise.....	184
Lips, Expression of.....	263
Longitude in Gesture.....	180
Median Stress.....	93, 98
Mouth, Expression of.....	263
Movement.....	60
Nasal Quality.....	22
Neck Exercise.....	85, 112, 123
Onomatopoeic Words.....	168
Oral Quality.....	15
Orotund Quality.....	13
Pauses.....	130, 141
Pectoral Quality.....	20
Penetrative Voice.....	202
Percussion Exercises.....	118, 123
Phrasing.....	125
Pitch.....	49
Poetic Reading.....	162

Position, Drill.....	2
" Speaker's.....	8
" of Body.....	233
" of the Feet, 1st.....	8
2nd.....	8
3rd.....	227
4th.....	227
5th.....	227
6th.....	227
" of the Hand.....	185, 217
" of the Head.....	241, 249
Prone Hand.....	208
Pronunciation.....	105, 113, 119, 124
Pure Tone.....	3, 7
Quality.....	7, 11
Radical Stress.....	88, 89
Reading Poetry.....	162
Reading, Position of Head in.....	243
Reflex Hand.....	215
Salutation Exercise.....	190
Second Position.....	8
Sing-song Reading.....	162
Speaker's Position.....	8
Stress.....	86
Supine Hand,.....	186
Thorough Stress.....	96, 100
Tip-toe Exercise.....	129, 161
Torsion of the Arm.....	103
of the Body.....	92
of the Neck.....	112
Tremor Stress.....	97, 101
Waist Exercise.....	77
Wavering Position.....	233

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF AUTHORS QUOTED.

	PAGE		PAGE
Alexander, Mrs.....	42	Gray, Thomas.....	29, 36
Bacon, Francis.....	113	Greeley, Horace.....	203
Beecher, Henry Ward...	57	Habberton, John.....	211
	180, 201	Halleck, Fitz Green.....	63
Bible.....	33, 53, 66, 81, 105	Hemans, Felicia D...66,	116
Browning, Robert.....	206	Henry, Patrick.....	89
Bryant, William Cullen		Hillis, N. D.....	158
	56, 72, 111	Holmes, Oliver Wendell.	165
Burdette, Robert J...132,	151	Hoppin, W. J.....	43, 103
Burns, Robert.....	81	Irving, Washington.....	148
Byron, George Gordon		Kellogg, Elijah.....	25
	21, 109, 154	Kingsley, Charles.....	60
Campbell, Thomas.....	86	Longfellow, Henry W...	
	91, 122		14, 21, 30, 53, 118, 205
Carleton, Will.....	22	Lowell, James Russell...	192
Chalmers, Thomas.....	56	Lynn, Ethel.....	91, 113
Chittenden, A. J.....	179	Maclaren, Ian.....	217
Choate, Rufus.....	210	Marvel, Ik.....	169, 182
Coleridge, Samuel T...13,	102	Miller, Joaquin.....	103
Colton, Walter.....	128	Mitford, Mary R.....	100
Cowper, William.....	107	Montgomery, James...147,	195
Croly, George.....	31, 86	Ossian.....	31
David.....	33	Patton, George W.....	22
Dewey, Orville.....	36, 143	Pitt, William.....	59
Dickens, Charles.....	186	Poe, Edgar A.....	72
Drake, Joseph Rodman..	138	Pope, Alexander.....	66
Dryden, John.....	114	Prentice, George D....	29
Eastwood, J. R.....	168	Reed, Thomas B....69,	71
Emerson, Ralph Waldo..	149	Riley, James Whitcomb.	173
Everett, Edward....106,	171	Ruskin, John.....	174
Field, Eugene.....	156	Samuel.....	105
Finch, F. M.....	91	Scott, Walter...25, 26,	88, 97

	PAGE		PAGE
Shakespeare, Wm.	22, 29	Taylor, B. F.	31, 184
33, 60, 67, 83, 86, 97, 103		Tennyson, Alfred.	26, 36, 172
109, 113.		Twain, Mark.	25
Shelley, Percy Bysshe.	176	Webster, Daniel.	197
Sheridan, R. B.	43, 109	Whittier, John G.	36
Smiles, Samuel.	190	Willis, N. P.	59
Stephens, Ann S.	83	Wordsworth, William.	167
Stevenson, Robert Louis	164		

LIST OF SELECTIONS.

Aid of a Three-year-old Nephew, The,— <i>John Habberton</i>	211
Ambition,— <i>Horace Greeley</i>	203
American Flag, The,— <i>Joseph Rodman Drake</i>	138
Aspirations of Youth,— <i>James Montgomery</i>	147
Character and its Revelators,— <i>N. D. Hillis</i>	158
Christmas Treasures, The,— <i>Eugene Field</i>	156
Cloud, The,— <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	176
Each and All,— <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	149
Entertainment,— <i>John Ruskin</i>	174
Evening,— <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	165
Future of the Nation, The,— <i>Daniel Webster</i>	197
Having a Clean Month,— <i>Robert J. Burdette</i>	132
Heroic Age, The,— <i>Rufus Choate</i>	210
His Enjoyment Brief,	189
Hohenlinden,— <i>Thomas Campbell</i>	122
Home and Country,— <i>James Montgomery</i>	195
Imagination,— <i>H. W. Beecher</i>	180
Isle of The Long Ago, The,— <i>B. F. Taylor</i>	184
Kissing the Rod,— <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	173
Laugh in Church, A.	200
Liberty,— <i>Orrille Dewey</i>	143
Life and Usefulness,— <i>H. W. Beecher</i>	201
Main Truck, The,— <i>Walter Colton</i>	128
Misunderstanding, A,— <i>Charles Dickens</i>	186

Night at Sea, A,— <i>Ik. Marvel</i>	169
Open Window, The,— <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	118
Organ in Westminster Abbey, The,— <i>Washington Irving</i>	148
People Victorious, The,— <i>Everett</i>	171
Poverty and Debt,— <i>Samuel Smiles</i>	190
Skylark, To a,— <i>W. Wordsworth</i>	167
Sleep,— <i>Robert J. Burdette</i>	151
Street Scene, A,.....	202
Summer Storm,— <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	192
Sunrise on the Hills,— <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	205
Tale, A,— <i>Robert Browning</i>	206
Through the Flood,— <i>Ian Maclaren</i>	217
Thunderstorm on the Alps, A,— <i>Lord Byron</i>	154
Town of Used-To-Be.....	153
Tray,— <i>Ik. Marvel</i>	182
Wages,— <i>Tennyson</i>	172
Where's Mother,— <i>J. R. Eastwood</i>	168
Who Struck My Mary,— <i>A. J. Chittenden</i>	179



